FREE!
FOR THE TAKING!

Volume II, No. 2 *October, 1974*

In This Issue: ■ Space City Blasts Off ■ Dreams of Walden ■ Complete Events Calendar ■ Dear Conchita ■ KPFT Programming Highlights

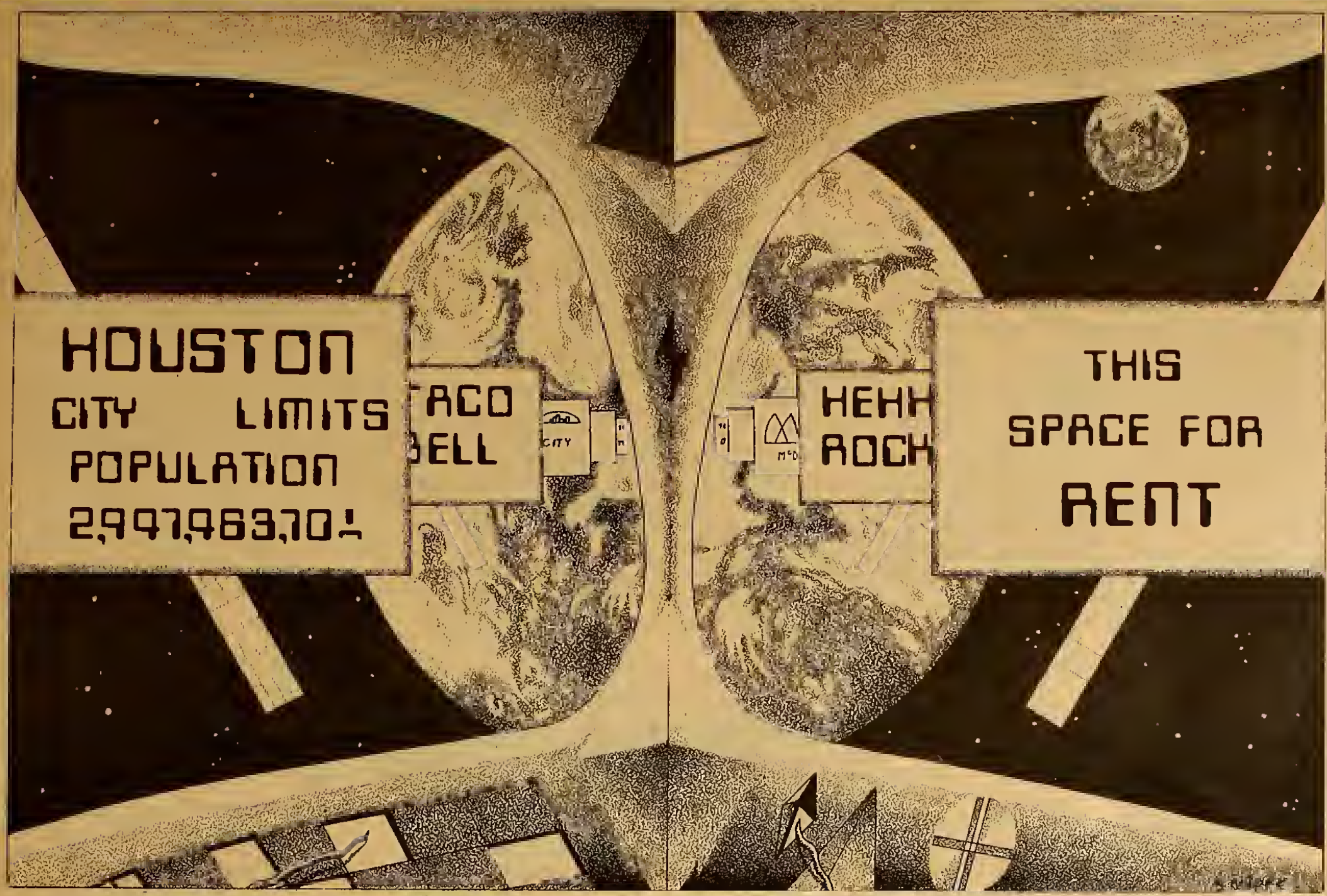
KPFT RADIO GUIDE

CONTEST: Guess what these people are doing.

__ Getting paid
__ Acting like drunken clowns
__ Giving you an "Eye Job"
__ Getting paid

(see reverse side for clues to answer)

Progress



Graphic by Steve Durke

Space City Blasts Off!

by A. Shelby

Several years ago when Houston's surf was just beginning to get itself up, a recent friend at the time (he being one of those futuristic environmental architect city-sceners) said the philosophy of Houston, Texas is: if you can't buy it, rent it.

The architect's words have never left me as I've moved around the town doing my city-shitties and traveled through the land doing my country-assundries; because since that Christmas when I met that then-recent friend, I've always returned to Houston from the wanderings (like so many others) not so much because it is easier here, but because it is understandable here – which is, I'd imagine, because if you can't buy it, rent it.

The whole point of all this is Houston takes pride in growing away from itself, with great plans everywhere for the theoretical understandable control of the city's future, which of course is not understandable at all such that Houston in the future – like all past cities which grew in leaps and bounds – will become an arena for urban anarchy and big-business real estate promotion.

Not to say Houston hasn't been anything but a real estate promotion arena: "Gary Greene is Everywhere" say the billboards on the Southwest Freeway – everywhere, Jesus H. Christ, *everywhere*.

I'm sure Mr. Greene's already been out to the new South Freeway to rent billboard space. Fancy this: here's a freeway which is slowly being built out through miles of Brazoria County rice fields and farmers' used tractor lots, around cockfight stadiums and poor squatters' cemeteries, picnic grounds for Houston Lighting & Power execs if not more than a picnic ground, an entire weekend retreat Nassau Bay style, on the move.

Here's this mammoth L.A. freeway heading south of Houston from whence it starts from whence part of the now uprooted ghetto used to be until Gary Greene types become everywhere. And already I'm reading about vast acreage deals closing on prime corners where the freeway will eventually be, where suburbs will eventually be (a mere 15-minute shot straight into downtown) – this particular corner I'm thinking of costing $3.1 million already laid out and planned by Bath/Bentsen Interests of Houston for a regional shopping center.

If you can't buy it, rent it: Foley'll take 200,000 square feet, Sakowitz'll do the same, Fuqua Boots and Walla Walla Drugs'll do the same. And I want the Titty Taco franchise – the first topless Mexicana short-order drive-up on the future South Freeway strip.

I hope the Bank of the Southwest will give me 13 percent over 30 years. I'll mortgage my Chevy, I told the V-P. I'll figure out my profit on the pocket calculator I'm getting *free* for taking out the loan. Texas Instruments unloaded all their seconds on the bank for the giveaway – which is not to take anything away from the pocket calculator business, it's only to say that two years ago when some corporate spies stole the designs from the Japs, the price was $229.95 retail.

When two dozen other companies twisted a fuse here or changed a dial there and began marketing their own knock-off product, the retail price progressively dropped from $139.95 to $79.95 (when I bought mine on special at Foley's) down to $29.95, then to nothing. My God, when I drive Houston freeways and look up at the speed limit, the signs along the turnpike seem to say, "Maximum Speed: 54.95."

Recently a friend from Los Angeles came in for the weekend, he being alternately throughout his career an urban anthropologist, a stream-of-consciousness screen play writer and an amphetamine junkie. And although he had been born and raised until age 12 in West University Place, he lifted himself from the Dante depths of his Houston impressions to ramble as we drove:

"Skyline looks like a watercolor of what Chicago would have been. I'd open the film up with this Godard angle. Who owns who, I want to know – the banks own the buildings and the buildings are rented by Greek and British corporations moving here to get away from New York, right? They want to be closer to Mexican gold reserves, right? Let's find some clubs somewhere. First, however, I'd like some matzo balls and whitefish to clear up this nose condition I've recently acquired."

"Bago," I said (his name is Bago), "check that out, that's Gerald Hines' newest oil building."

"Yeah, that's what I've been saying for years. The ideal cat to be moving here into Houston would be half Arab and half Japanese. An *Arap* if you will – combining the technology of the slant-eyed with the wealth and slyness of the Arab. The great Moslem-Buddhist takeover of the world, probably centered in that damn twin structure. Watch that Cadillac, will ya? Yeah, good. Who's that Gerald Hines anyway, Kenneth Schnitzer's tennis partner?"

"Don't know any of them."

"How's fast-Fred doing as Mayor?"

"He's squeezing tax money," I said, "out of people who didn't even know what taxes were. Every country club in town's had their property reevaluated."

"Nothing worse for a multimillion dollar company than to find a young conscientious lawyer

Foreplay

Cry of The Wolf

by Thorne Dreyer

As I write my column this month, the cry of the wolf accompanies the clickety-click of the typewriter. And I don't mean the Slowly G.'s coyote friend. Just this: we're crying wolf once more. Like, telling the folks listening to our air to send money *or else* . . . (fill in your own dire and dastardly alternative).

We're in, yes, one more money crisis. (At this writing, salaries are a week behind and we're not sure where the money to print the M-90-N is coming from.) And, once more, we are turning to our listeners for support. Same old song and dance, you say.

Well, yes and no. It's true that we will *always* be leaning on you folks out there for green stuff; after all, we're a *listener-supported* radio station. We don't sell commercial products over our air. Couldn't if we wanted to, in fact. Our license wouldn't allow it. But that's what makes us different, anyway. It frees us from the corrupting cash nexus of ever-greater profit-seeking and the inevitable effect that has on programming. Even the most exciting progressive FM stations eventually succumb. We're a different animal, free to be experimental and socially relevant: a communications cutting-edge.

Which is to say, we can't ever let you off the hook. That's the nature of the trip.

BUT, it is nowhere written that we must forever exist on the fiscal brink. There's nothing inherent in the concept of listener-sponsorship that says we must be *poor!* That we must be condemned to laughable staff salaries and ridiculously inadequate equipment. In fact, we're fed up with that particular prison and are in the process of picking the lock. We see a heartening glimmer at the end of that old tunnel for the first time in the history of this radio station.

KPFT is currently an expansion operation. A year ago we had less than 2,000 subscribers and now the total approaches 5,000. Our listenership, according to recent ARB ratings has taken a quantum leap in the last year, and our indicators suggest it continues to grow.

We have expanded the radio guide into a viable monthly news mag. The news and public affairs content of the station moves steadily forward, we air far more live music than any other station in town and we continue to pepper it all into a soup of eclectic and tasty recorded music, most of which gets little air time elsewhere. We have secured a beautiful new home and hope to be broadcasting out of the facilities at 419 Lovett by the first of the year.

All of which means, naturally, that our expenses are greater than ever. And the question is, how can we cut it financially with an expanded professional operation when we could barely squeak by as a bush league team?

Well, it's basically a matter of planning. Looking beyond our noses. In the past, it's always been a day-to-day holding operation, with occasional orgasmic short-range actions to give temporary breathing room, like the Cosmic Cowboy benefit and the Relocation Operation marathon. One shot infusions.

Now, we're doing something more. Development Director Pat Faucheaux, formerly with the Rice Media Center, is preparing an elaborate proposed budget to be used in serious fund-raising efforts, designed to garner large grants from individuals and foundations. The KPFT Advisory Board, under the vigorous leadership of architect Danny Samuels, is planning a number of serious (and exciting) fund-raising activities. Cosmic Cowboy II is already being organized, months in advance.

And perhaps most important, we are developing a subscriber service program that will make being a KPFT listener-sponsor a more exciting prospect. This will include such things as a membership card offering discounts at various local clubs and shops, a free (subscribers only) film series composed of major and perhaps previously-unreleased films, lots of parties and concerts plus T-shirts and other goodies. All in addition to the ever-expanding Mighty Ninety News, delivered to your mailbox.

These things are all in the works. But in the meantime, we are operating at a significant deficit, freaking out daily over where the next buck is coming from. We need breathing space and only you can give it to us. These other projects offer long-term security, but they will take time.

For the last three months, we have been billing close to $25,000 a month. Yet, despite a steady increase in subscribers, our actual subscription income has declined from close to $6,000 in June to $3,700 in August. Maybe you can see the problem. Folks are pledging money, but aren't coming through with it. And our renewal rate for August and September has been only 17 percent.

If our current subscribers, the 4,500-plus who get M-90-N in the mail, were paying their bills, we'd be close to healthy. It's not enough to call in your support, pay your monthly bill once and then assume you've done your part. It's an ongoing process and we're counting on you.

We sincerely believe that there are enough people in the community who get off to what we're doing sufficiently to keep us in the chips; at least to cover our operating expenses until our other projects can reach fruition. It's just a matter of communicating the nature (and urgency) of the problem. Which is exactly what I'm attempting to do with this dispatch.

I hate to be so serious, and I don't particularly like to discuss money problems. I'd rather write, for instance, cosmic erotic fantasies. Say, why not help ol' Thorne out: free me of this financial pressure so I can spin out saucy yarns in this column and so the radio artists working at KPFT can devote their attention to the creative aspects of their work.

If you aren't a subscriber, turn to the back page, fill out the form, and drop it in the mail. If you already joined up, keep the money coming. And if you have other ways you think you might help us out, call Judy at 224-4000 and she'll lean you in the appropriate direction.

We'll love you for it and it'll make you feel warm all over. You might even giggle.

[Thorne Dreyer is General Manager of KPFT. Take this man seriously.]

Feedback

KPFT:

The following enclosed fifteen dollars is a donation for the radio station. Since I normally do not live in the Houston area, I would prefer this to a subscription and it would save you the effort of mailing out program guides that I can not use in Dallas.

But I couldn't help being so impressed with your programs (and your need for money) not to want to help out a little. So keep up the good work and the great sounds of traditional and progressive country music.

Thanks,
Don Davison

KPFT:

I guess I'm really a bad guy, but please accept my apologies for the lateness of my check.

As you can see from the postmark, we're in Singapore and our mail is having one hell of a time catching up with me. I don't really care about most of it, American Express, etc., but people like you need the bread now.

My wife and I miss your programs much, but Friday nites aren't the same without my friend from South Louisiana.

If there is any way, could you people tape one of his shows and air mail it to me? I have a large Akai that takes an 1800' reel to reel tape, and would really enjoy him. We have a lot of friends here from the Houston area that we'd like to have become familiar with KPFT. It goes without saying, I'd be more than happy to pay all costs including air mail postage on the tape.

Singapore is great. Prices are very good on electronic gear, cameras, radios, in fact about anything. It's a duty-free island.

Local cigarettes aren't bad either, although the tobacco comes from a spiky leafed plant that makes you feel real good. Smooth smoking.

Please let us hear from ya,
Jim & Barbara Winfree

[Now that's what I call dedicated supporters.—ed.]

Praises, gripes or just plain comments are always welcome here. Address your letters to: Letters, c/o M-90-N, KPFT Radio, 618 Prairie St., Houston 77002.

THE MIGHTY NEWS & WORLD REPORT

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Editor: Thorne Dreyer
Managing Editor: Ryan Bernard
Business Manager: Morgan de Marigny
Production and Design: Noelle Kanady, Ernest Shawver
Advertising: Morgan de Marigny, Bobby Eakin, Liselott Babin, Susan Vogelfang
Banner: Jerry Jeanmard

Staff and contributors: Marty Manning, Patricia Smith, Michael Levine, Barb Jones, Alan Waldman, Steve Hoffman, Harold Durham, Tom Evans, Bruce Litvin, Nicki Simpson, Paul Krassner, Jim Strong, Thom Clark, Liselott Babin, Arnold Shelby, Kathy Tennell, Mary Lou Wimberly, Tom Curtis, Steve Durke, Sandi Wisenberg, Punky Crow, Anne Carrott

Banjo Kid:

Walden and Other Dreams

[Ed. Note – For the past two months, KPFT's own Michael "Banjo Kid" Levine has been on the road hitting such places as Colorado, Kansas, Michigan, Canada and Vermont. This month he submitted this report from a whistle stop in Lobelia, W. Va.]

Walden is a picturesque New England town in the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont between St. Johnsbury and Montpelier. It's not the Walden Thoreau made so famous, but it might as well be, the way it looks.

There's only one paved road in Walden and that's the state highway. To get into the town you've got to turn off at Ella's Pizza by the old schoolhouse, or take the dirt road that leads past the South Walden Church or, over by the Come and Eat Cafe, head north and find the road that leads you to a one-lane bridge; you'll know it when you get there.

Any way you go will bring you face to face with the Walden Wizards, a group of newcomers and old-timers who set out to live well in the woods.

"How's the flower garden this year?"

"Terrible, didn't have enough snow last winter to insulate the ground so lots of plants were lost. It was cold, sure, but there wasn't enough snow; it was awful. My brother-in-law's vegetables, now, they didn't suffer too bad. He'll have enough to feed us, his daughters, our neighbors and probably some extra to give away to some of the young folks in the area. He's already canned enough berries to last 'til next July."

I don't know an awful lot about auctions, but I do know they're a big part of Vermont life and a fellow named Albert May is a master of the art. The Man with the Derby Hat, that's what Albert's known as; part business, lots of fun and a guarantee you'll take something home you didn't really need.

Albert has entertained visitors from over half the States and Canada at his Saturday Night Auction Barn where bushels of cucumbers will sell for a dollar and rocking chairs will go for one hundred.

"Now mind you, they don't all dance. At least, I haven't seen 'em all leapin' up and doin' the twist, but I know the peas and beans shake with the breeze and I suspect the rutabagas and onions wiggle their toes just a bit below the ground. You can believe it or leave it, but the Dancing Vegetable Farm is gonna be here regardless."

Just down the road from that farm is a waterfall, a drop in the river which years ago powered a sawmill 1½ miles back from what is today a town trail. The forest path is lined by two overgrown stone walls about 20 feet apart and leads through a blueberry patch, down a rocky slope, across a brook, past the birch and spruce trees, along the raspberry bushes, over some stumps, around the Indian Pipes and toward two large pools divided by a 15-foot waterfall. It's a perfect place to sit and sing while showering in the last rays of an August afternoon sun.

But not for long. Like a flash we were gone to the Big Apple where we got to talk with some sludge. The sludge told us that in less than 12 months it would be ending a 40-year dream to land on the beaches of Manhattan. The sludge revealed its elaborate plan to us which involves getting all the politicians of New York to deny that the sludge exists until it is too late to prevent the landing.

Then, while everyone is freaking out, the politicians will announce a massive clean up campaign just before the election. The sludge will then withdraw and the city fathers will come out as heroes.

For the sludge, this means it will only have to go on an eight mile boat ride each time it gets dumped instead of the long and boring 40-mile haul recommended by the Environmental Coalition. If the sludge gets hassled after election day, all it has to do is threaten to strike again during the Bicentennial.

"How's the milk business been?"

"Not so good. The price of milk just dropped back down again and feed costs are still going up. Can't afford to keep 'em and you can hardly sell 'em. Don't know what's gonna happen."

Bingo! We were in West Virginia, the panhandle state made of mountains where 40 degree mornings greet the September riser and slow-burning fog gives way to sunshine and blue sky above the ridge or yet more clouds suspended between the hills.

This is a land where goats, sheep, and cattle graze far up the slopes of a steep field and farmhouses can be seen nestled snugly in the hollows, sitting atop a ridge overlooking the world or set back from the swollen rivers. It's a space where generations have been born and buried and where transplanted urbanites are trying to keep "the old country ways" alive.

Graphic by Anne Carrott

"I was born here. My daddy raised up nine kids on his farm. My sister, she's 74, is real sick from cancer. And of course I lost my brother just last month from cancer, too. It's gettin' tough now. They may all start dyin' real soon. My sons have all moved away. Oh, one farms as a hobby in Maryland, but all he grows is machines. He's a trucker in Wilmington, Delaware, and he buys all kinds of equipment just so he can fix it. Never sells 'em though. Kinda silly if you ask me.

"I ain't travelled much. Never been east of York, Pennsylvania, or west of Charleston, West Virginia. I didn't have time to go parading around, always too busy farming. Don't mind, though. I reckon I know these parts about as well as anyone.

Heaven, hell or Houston? As country roads yielded to interstate highways, we culture-shocked travelers rejoin The Spaced City, which is still in progress.

–Michael Levine

Letters to the Princess

by Princess Conchita Markowitz O'Doyle, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., D.D.S., L.S.D., S.O.S., S.O.B., P.D.Q., S.P.C.A., L.S.M.F.T., H.O.R.S.E.S.H.I.T.

As readers of this scholarly journal are no doubt aware, Princess Conchita O'Doyle has been explaining in these pages her radical reinterpretation of the constellations and their influences in terms of the Islamo-Bedouin zodiac. In making the unknown known and vice versa she has solicited readers' questions on the stars, the sky, mud, hot towels, personal problems, the future, the past, the boiling point of helium, how to zip one's trousers in a hurricane, why some people are taller than other people (but are nonetheless stupider), where to score catnip, who put the bop in the bop-sha-bop-sha-bop, who put the ram in the rama-lama-ding-ding and other pressing issues of the day. And the **response!!!** *Well, to say it has been terrific would be to give credit where none is due (and if the shoe fits when it's on the other foot, wear it). Below are a random sampling (i.e., those queries accompanied by cash, checks, box tops or naughty photographs) of readers' enquiries and the Princess's incisive replies. (As always, the opinions expressed in this article are not necessarily those of . . . etc., etc.)*

Dear Conchita,
Your electric bill is four months overdue and if you fail to remit the overdue amount within 15 days we will be forced to curtail your service.
The Electric Company

Dear Company,
It is easy to divine that you were born under the sign of Libra in a box car heading north to Moab, Utah. Your insecurity about the size of your Adam's apple and your fear that a tribe of drunken Jesus freaks is going to lock you in a frozen meat locker are at least partially responsible for your compulsion to wear multiple overcoats and for the terrible stutter you develop whenever you try to say the word "brasicaceous." Avoid all contact with left-handed lesbians and persons who owe you money, as such encounters may prove hazardous to your gait. The 9th of the month would be auspicious for a long trip overseas, preferably with the wife of an encyclopedia salesman.

Dear Conchita,
My girlfriend thinks she is a fish. What can I do to help her?
Worried

Dear Worried,
You have a case of what is known in psychiatry as projection neurosis, that is, the pathological tendency to see other people as suffering from one's own delusions. The fact is, it is you who think yourself a fish, not your girlfriend. I happen to know your girlfriend and can personally guarantee you that she *is* a fish. As to what you can do to help her, I recommend you put her in some water, fast.

Dear Conchita,
Is there any way to be sure that mushrooms are not poisoned? Also, what about God? Is there one?
Elton Johnson

Dear Reg,
No.

Dear Conchita,
I am a Third House Scorpio with Prices rising and my Sun in Leavenworth. My husband is a Nookeus with type O-positive blood who was born at the full moon. My aunt's cousin is a Gemini from Glasgow and her podiatrist was born under the sign of the Flying Red Horse. Why does a person think they are a fish? (I don't ask out of any personal concern, mind you, as I am a happily married mother of four and completely humanoid. But my youngest daughter, Pearl, has been acting a bit "fishy" lately and, well, I just thought I'd ask.)
Mother of Pearl

Dear Ma,
Sorry I haven't written, but it's been hectic as a sumbitch around here lately. The skies are in turmoil and these friggin' hippies at the radio station are taking forever in getting me my check.

Why, you ask, do you think you're a fish? Well, first of all, your nephew Fergal's common-law wife Effie, was born under the sign of Pisces (which is why you can never use the john in her house).

Secondly, you choose to think of yourself as a fish because you are plagued by guilt over your chronic alcoholism. You're really a nasty drunk, Ma, and it hurts me to tell you this but I've gotta be honest with ya. You're a sot, a lush, a souse, an alky, a wino, a soak and a toper as well as a partaker in potations, an indulger in bibacity and a dipsomaniac of the first order. Not only that, you drink too much.

Where this fish fixation comes in is that people have told you that you drink like a fish and you've gotten this twisted idea that this explains, justifies or otherwise excuses your excreable drunken behavior, such as shaving your armpits in public, screaming in Latin at proctologists and exposing your buttocks on escalators. (Don't try to deny you're the Phantom Mooner of Foley's; I've seen the photos!)

The only answer to your problem is to give up booze, find a more harmless drug and drop all this fish nonsense. (By the way, a far more sensible and socially acceptable addiction is to diet root beer, which recent research is beginning to indicate has such powerful hallucinogenic properties that, in the words of Dr. Hay "Buzz" Auff of the American Pseudopsychiatric Association: "One sip is enough to make Anita Bryant give Frank Zappa a 'nostril job' at a Weatherman's convention.")

Dear Conchita,
Where do babies come from?
Old Enough To Know

Dear Old Enough,
Most babies come from China and India.

Dear Conchita,
Is it not true that on the night of July 14, 1974 you were seen at the infamous Partygirl Club in Deer Park with one Ciro "The Ham Sandwich" Sanducci, and that in the presence of all in attendance at the aforementioned nightery (including undercover agents for the K.G.B. and W.C.T.U.) you performed what is known in necrophiliac circles as "The Pogo Stick" or "The One-Legged Corsican Trick" with several of his former business associates?
Willing To Sell You the Photos

Dear Willing,
I don't know what you're talking about. On the night in question I was at Liberty Hall, grooving out of my wee skull to "D.L. and the Shitkickers." (Besides, no one has ever successfully performed "The Pogo Stick" at an altitude of less than 5000 feet.)

Dear Princess;
I am a Sagittarius with my moon in Aquarius and Uranus in Pisces. Who was the Viceroy of India in 1945?
Has Trouble Sitting

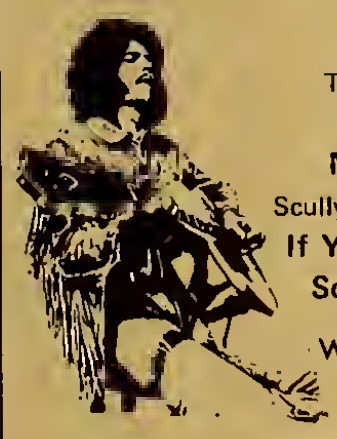
Dear Has,
The viceroy of India from 1943 to 1947 was Percy Wavell, known to friends and Indians alike as Viscount Percival Wavell of Cyrenaiaca and Tripolitania.

Confidential to K.A.:
What your husband doesn't know doesn't hurt me.

Confidential to Fistful of Dallas:
The blue ones are heavier, but *oh, do they make a difference!* Be discreet, however. Cops get crazy when they discover a perpetrator.

Confidential to Turkey Lurkey:
To get to the other side.

[Do you have problems? So do we. Whip 'em out on the table for Conchita and she'll do her best to salve them. Write to: Dear Conchita, c/o M-90-N, 618 Prairie, Houston, Tx, 77002.*]*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Criticism

Two on Lenny

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN – LENNY BRUCE! *By Albert Goldman, from the journalism of Lawrence Schiller. Random House, $10. 565 pages.*

LENNY BRUCE: The Comedian as Social Critic and Secular Moralist. *By Frank Kofsky. Pathfinder Press, $1.95. 128 pages.*

A high school English teacher of mine once had us examine the opening lines of great novels and short stories. The author's first words could, she informed us, "grab our attention" or "set the mood for the story."

Years later, I still am struck by the significance of opening sentences. Here's how Albert Goldman begins his biography of Lenny Bruce: "A dirty grey morning in February, 1960. From the Camel sign in Times Square a giant smoke ring floats across the traffic island like a frost-blown kiss."

Frank Kofsky starts with these straightforward words: "Before trying to understand Lenny Bruce the man, it is necessary to say something about Lenny Bruce, the phenomenon."

The moods these first sentences set are indicative of what follows. Goldman's is a loosely-constructed look at Bruce's life *as he led it.* Kofsky's is a formalized interpretation of Bruce's life and work from a radical political perspective.

The dirty gray Times Square of Goldman's biography is the setting for a 50-page dramatization of "one day in the life of" Lenny Bruce during his peak years, 1959 to 1961.

"Nothing in this chapter is fictitious," promises Goldman in his afterword on how the book was written. The book is replete with long, quoted passages from Bruce's close associates, analyses of Bruce's relations with his mother, father, and ex-wife, cinema verite descriptions of his drug habits, fascinating glimpses into the world of nightclub comics and jazz musicians, and elaborate chronicles of his notorious obscenity trials.

Goldman is at his biographical best when dealing with Bruce's roots in the Jewish humor showbiz scene of New York City in the late Forties:

"Out here in the Brooklyn Delta of Jewish humor, the Basin Street of Jewish jazz, the Beale Street of Jewish blues, Lenny first learned to be funny – to see funny, think funny, talk funny. . . Funny guys were guys who told the truth. Guys with an original point of view, a private language, a sound. The Jewish equivalent of the Black jazzman. A hero."

Such a hero was Joe Ancis, an obscure neurotic Brooklyn hipster who was considered "the funniest man in America" by the comics (Bruce among them) who hung around mid-Broadway lunch counters.

Goldman chronicles the relationship between Ancis and Bruce in those early days, when Ancis' wild, free-form, stream-of-consciousness comic *spritzes* inspired Bruce's budding genius.

No word of Joe Ancis can be found in Kofsky's book, because Kofsky basically knows no more about Lenny Bruce than anyone else who is familiar with the comedian's work. His book, originally written as a paper for the American Historical Association, is a socio-political thesis perhaps of more interest to radical academicians than to the general public.

Kofsky's evident desire for social change may be commendable. His stilted attempt to fit Bruce into ideological cubbyholes, however, is not.

Pathfinder Press, Kofsky's publisher, is ideologically associated with the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party, and Kofsky displays the telltale sign of a political dogmatist: he dismisses those facets of Bruce's work which do not coincide with his own political premises.

For example, Kofsky states, correctly, that "Bruce did not explicitly espouse revolutionary doctrines, that he at times quixotically defended the legal system and even capitalism in the U.S." But he is quick to add: "this. . . is besides the point." Such statements in behalf of the existing social order, Kofsky maintains, "never added up to anything more than a collection of offhand comments entirely marginal to the major thrust of his work . . . for they represent a

cont. on 14

Lenny Bruce, the controversial comedian of the late Fifties and early Sixties, pictured shortly before his death by drug overdose.

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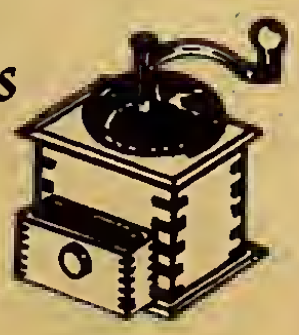
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Rumpleforeskin's Column

by Paul Krassner

If you want to observe a radio talk show host broadcasting over KGO in San Francisco, you can't watch and listen through the window on the sidewalk any more, because it's been replaced by a wall of bricks. So has the truth.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, 1973 a guest of KGO's Jim Dunbar show, Jerome Waldie, who was running for governor at the time, read over the air a letter critical of Spiro Agnew. Then a furious listener called in and accused him of doing anything to win.

Waldie, who campaign-promised to fight against victimless crimes, lost in the primaries. Now he was telling this unseen caller that the letter he'd read was actually from a newspaper. She proceeded to label both Waldie and Jim Dunbar "cheap two bits!"

She went on raving until Dunbar finally had to hang up on her. He said to the producer who was screening his calls, "Get me a human being."

Congressman Waldie left, and the next guest, from the National Lawyers Guild, was being introduced by Dunbar. He was scheduled to talk about a lawsuit for a new election, since the one in 1972 had not really been legal. "Watergate has been a spectator sport," he was saying, "but now people can participate."

As if those words were instant prophecy, a man outside tried to shoot through the glass, but it was bulletproof. A station employee heard the shots and came out to see what was happening. Ben Munson got killed for his curiosity by Lawrence Kwong, a man he'd never had the pleasure of meeting before.

Kwong then ran away and conveniently shot himself dead too. It has never been made clear where he originally got the gun.

Meanwhile, still broadcasting, Dunbar began to explain what had happened but was too shaken to stay on. The man from the National Lawyers Guild went home and another talk show host, who ordinarily takes calls about spectator sports, came on and made the prize statement: "This country is the only one so free that a guy like Dunbar can get himself shot."

Lawrence Kwong had been hearing voices instructing him to kill Jim Dunbar and Roy Elwell, another talk show host at KGO. I've been informed – but cannot state as an absolute fact – that Kwong's autopsy indicates electrodes had been implanted in his brain.

He had told a private investigator that he had been programmed to kill Dunbar and Elwell, but they were never warned.

He confessed his compulsion in group therapy at a local clinic, but the potential victims never heard a word of it.

Police had seen Dunbar's and Elwell's names written on the wall of Kwong's apartment when they checked it out on a noise complaint, but did not consider it appropriate to communicate that information to the two controversial talk jockeys.

Dunbar has since been moved upstairs to KGO's newsroom, and Elwell is now program director at KLRA, an all-music station in Pasadena, Cal.

The transfer of Dan Rather away from the White House by CBS has not been brought about in such a melodramatic way, but the underlying motivation may well be the same.

Rather is the only major news personality who has had the courage to broadcast his doubts about the official versions of the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King as well as the attempt on George Wallace's life which resulted in a shift of twenty million votes that gave Nixon his "mandate."

CBS has not relished the thought of an aggressive Dan Rather some day prying Gerald Ford about his role in the Warren Commission. Not while Nelson Rockefeller has that network by the corporate balls.

The head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, William Paley, was appointed to Rocky's special commission to determine the future. And it was CBS star Walter Cronkite who anchored that ass-kissing documentary on the Rockefeller family.

Nor does anybody seem to be pushing for E. Howard Hunt to testify, at the risk of perjury, on what his papers reveal about the corruption of Rockefeller, who must remain as blackmailable – and as controlable – as Agnew, Nixon and Ford.

Gerald Ford's collaborator in the falsification of history a decade ago, Leon Jaworski, continues in that capacity today. It was Jaworski, together with Gerald Ford, who was in the prison cell with Jack Ruby when he begged, unsuccessfully, to tell Earl Warren about the task to which he'd been assigned in the cover-up of the assassination of President Kennedy. You could read about that in the London Times, but American mass media remain silent partners in that crime and all the succeeding crimes and murders by those who filled the void they created.

Jim Kincaid, one of the best TV reporters around, produced a particularly compassionate segment on the Black Panthers a few years ago. CBS subsequently dropped him. And so we have been left to sit and wonder what it possibly could have been that Huey Newton's tailor said to provoke a pistol whipping, and why Tim Leary is being used to smear the National Lawyers Guild.

Is it too far-fetched to ask whether that representative of the National Lawyers Guild, who had been about to discuss on KGO the lawsuit for a legal election, might have been an intended target of Lawrence Kwong that morning, even though his name wasn't written on the wall to make it look deliberate?

* * *

Ken Kesey refers to his energy and his image as though they were two separate entities. Which they are. It was his energy that inspired others to help organize the Bend in the River media referendum. It was his image – which he consciously uses as a tool – that helped get those folks to come hear him at Town Hall meetings in the first place.

The most overwhelming response from Oregonians who saw the arguments on television and sent in the ballots from their newspapers had to do with the individual's right to privacy. There is a widespread hope for data bank failure.

Kesey has initiated an occasional periodical whose title, *Spit in the Ocean*, can be seen either as a philosophical expression of humility or a phrase out of a stoned poker game. The first issue ($1 to SITO, Rt. 8, Box 477, Pleasant Hill, Ore. 97401) is dedicated to the theme of "Old Age Consciousness."

My contribution was the synopsis of a porno flick for senior citizens, called *Gum Job*, a satirical combination of social criticism and wrinkled horniness. The locale is Santa Cruz. Their staff typist refused to set it at first, then realized: "Just because we're putting out a magazine about old people doesn't mean we have to cater to them."

Now it turns out that half a dozen producers – from Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*) to Mel Brooks (*Blazing Saddles*) are interested in actually making a feature film of *Gum Job*, for which I'm writing the screenplay. If you know of – or happen to be – an elderly person who'd get off to getting it on before a camera crew, write to me and I'll save all letters for the casting director.

* * *

[Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist ($3 a year) and author of How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7) – available from The Realist, Main PO Box 4027, San Francisco, Calif., 94101.]*

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Harder Than Quitting Heroin

Columnist Manning demonstrates the deleterious effects of nicotine consumption. Photo by Barb Jones.

There are two sure ways to draw an audible gasp from almost any young counterculture American: (1) cut off your long hair (or beard) or (2) light up a cigarette when you haven't had one for over four months. No, that's not fair. Slowly G. didn't gasp, she just looked at the ground and tried not to notice.

Matter of fact, there are all kinds of responses. Some snatch the offensive tobacco right out of your mouth. Some laugh, "I knew you couldn't make it!" Some break your heart. Bobby Eakin, aged 23, never smoked a cigarette in his life. Watching Manning allowing himself to slip back down "Tobacco Road," Bobby decides to try it.

"Is this how I do it, Marty?"

"Don't fool with that stuff, Bob! It'll kill ya."

"Well, I saw you doing it . . ." Great. I've got the kid started. Guilt builds. I don't know which is worse, quitting or starting again.

Fact: After over four months of complete abstinence, I started smoking again. Took me almost a month to start again: Three the first day. "It's cool. Just wanted to see." No more for a week. Then one. A couple of days later, two or three. "It's cool. Only when I feel like it. When I'm drinking. One or two." Eventually: "Look, don't tell anybody. . . I know, leave me alone."

How many of the rationalizations do you want to hear? I know them all. I used them every time I quit. Now I'm using them to start again.

Fact: I had forgotten why I quit. After four months of not smoking, I felt great. I was never tired during the day, no problems with coughing, my decision-making powers were at an all-time high. I was smiling all the time. Even my pool shooting was better than ever before. So why smoke? So why not? Life just got too easy and I slipped.

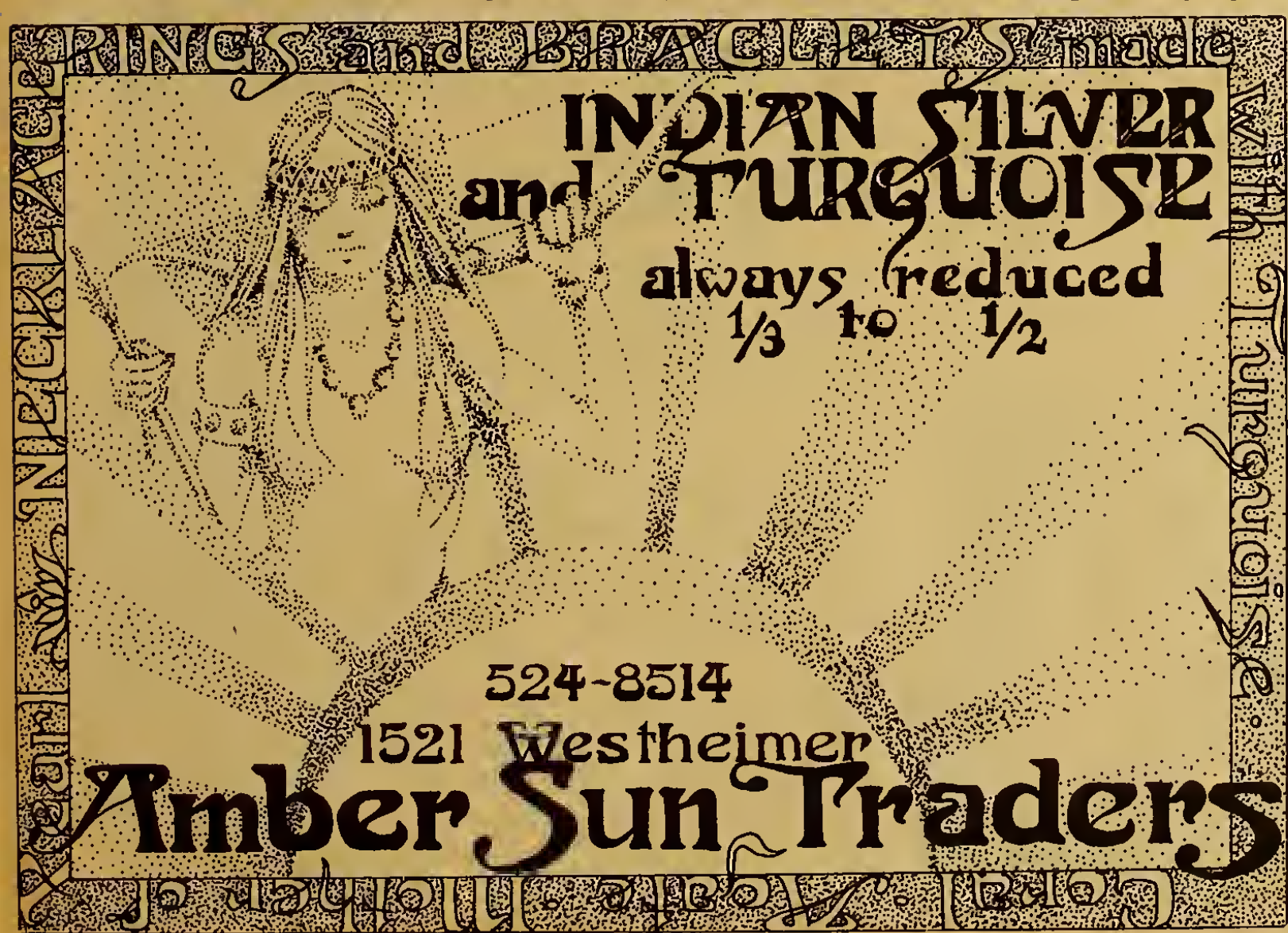
Fact: It *is* harder than quitting heroin. Easy: You can't buy heroin in every drugstore, supermarket, gas station and burger joint in America (just the burger joint) and it costs more than 50 cents and you can't shoot it while walking down most streets.

But you can get sick from smoking cigarettes and it finally happened to me. After a few weeks of gradually building back up to smoking, my body decided to let me know why I had to quit. I have a weak set of sinuses. (I packed my sinuses up in Arizona and sent them to Houston, and they have yet to recover.) Ever since I can remember, I've had trouble with headaches, inability to focus my vision, and nausea resulting from the post nasal drip.

Sounds terrible and it is. I endured it for years because I had to have my cigarettes. Not once during that four month period did I have a headache, trouble with my vision, or nausea. Two weeks into starting again, it all hit at once.

I'm okay again. I just needed that reminder and nothing else could do it. "To thine own self be true." I don't smoke cigarettes anymore. But I have been seen wearing long sleeve shirts a lot recently.

–Marty Manning



KPFT Bulletin Board

TRANSITIONS

At last the angelic Banjo Kid; Michael Levine, has returned to grace our studios and mellow out our airwaves. During October, you can hear him from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., weekdays on the Mighty Ninety.

Our answer to Blue Monday, Mandy in the Morning, will be splitting this month for a leave of absence. In her place will be Charlie Park, our apprentice-guru of the airwaves, who we're certain will be as pleasant to awake to.

Steve Hoffman, our summer reporter of international and urban news, has left KPFT to begin the next job in his work-study program. Steve, a senior psychology major at Antioch College in Ohio, will spend the next three months working for the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. As his last legacy, he left M-90-N a fine book review which can be found elsewhere in this issue.

Joining the News Department as reporter-announcer is Jim Higgins, 28, who has worked for Armed Forces Radio & Television Service in Korea and formerly worked in news production and as announcer at KOCU in Omaha, Neb. Jim is a native of western Massachusetts.

Also joining the news staff as a part-time news intern is Richard Vega, 22, a UH journalism student. Volunteer Bob Smith, 25, a UH radio-TV major, will be handling international news three days a week.

We welcome to our advisory board Peter Papademetriou. (Actually, we should have welcomed him *last* M-90-N, but you know us . . .)

Peter is Professor of Architecture at Rice University. He edited and designed the book *Houston: An Architectural Guide* in 1972, at which time he developed an ongoing interest in Houston's historic edifices. He is currently a design consultant for our new offices and studios at 419 Lovett.

Midnight Stranger and oft-suspendered Gavan Duffy has deserted the Bayou City for the Little D. According to reliable sources, Duffy plans to work with Dallas' new listener-supported station, KCHU.

MOVING RIGHT ALONG DEPT.

Architect Danny Samuels reports that progress on our future studios at 419 Lovett is encouraging. Architectural design is nearing completion and construction will begin in mid-October for a late-December move-in.

Samuels, who is chairperson of the KPFT Advisory Board, and board member Peter Papademetriou are working on the design, in close collaboration with KPFT staffers. Samuels says the new house adapts well to our needs ("It fits like a glove.") and that the only complications involve jockeying for turf among staff (several knifings and a hemlock poisoning have occurred in this area).

Only minimal alterations to the Lovett structure will be required: a few internal partitions and a new production studio to be built in the back (which will in no way diminish the grandeur of the back yard).

TALENT SHOW

Liselott Babin, host of the Sunday morning German show "Musical Trot with Liselott," will sponsor a talent show on Oct. 20 at the Houston Liederkranz, 3519 Barnes. If you have talent (juggling, singing, kazoo-playing, etc.) and wish to participate, write to: Liselott, c/o KPFT Radio, 618 Prairie, Houston, 77002.

YARD SALE

In order to generate more revenue for our constantly expanding operations, KPFT will be holding a weekly yard sale at our new location at 419 Lovett Blvd. The sale, every Saturday from noon to 6 p.m., promises to have some interesting items (home-grown dried herbs and antique quilting, to name a few of the things accumulated for the sale so far). If you wish to donate items to this new fund-raising effort, call Patricia at 224-4000. All donations are tax-deductible.

STRINGS AND THINGS

KPFT will be holding a periodic series of classical music concerts to be performed at the Reunion Theater and broadcast live over KPFT. Admittance to the performances is free to subscribers but will involve an admission charge for nonsubscribers.

The last concert in the series, held on Sept. 29, featured Shirley Wexler on viola and Louise La Francis on cello. The next concert is set for Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30 p.m. in the Reunion Theater. Admission will be $2 per person and free for KPFT subscribers. The artists who are to perform have not yet been confirmed, so listen to KPFT for further announcements.

Old time radio programs heard on KPFT are available through:

Pastime Products, Inc.
PO Box 35721
Houston, Texas 77035

(KPFT subscribers will receive discounts.)

Programming Highlights

FOLK MUSIC

The San Diego Folk Festival of 1974 was recorded by KPFK in Los Angeles. KPFT will be broadcasting segments of the festival, including the various workshops, from Oct. 1 through Oct. 19. As a rule, concert segments will be broadcast at 1 p.m. when scheduled and workshops will begin at 1:30 p.m., except on Saturdays when air time will be 11 a.m. for concert or workshop.

Consult the M-90-N centerfold calendar to determine the specific program scheduled for each day.

Artists participating in the various segments of the festival include Holly Tannan, Rita Weill, Jon Wilcox, Frankie Armstrong, Ray and Ina Patterson, the Strange Creek Singers, Vern and Ray, Bruce Heid, Patty Hall, Sam Hinton, the Summerdog Blues Band, Utah Phillips,

THE FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS

Daily fantasy/mystery serial

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 11:50 p.m.

Tom Waits, Hazel Dickens, Tom Bosley, John Hagg, Thomas Shaw, Phillip Walker, Robert Jeffreys, Martin Henry, Johnny Walker, Debby McClatchy, the La Jolla Civic Country Dance Orchestra, Jim Griffith, Ray Bierl, the Normal Heights Lounge Lizards, the San Diego Blues Busters, Alice Gerrard, A. J. Soares, Tracy Schwartz, the Phillip Walker Blues Band and the Zagreb Municipal Ear Orchestra.

The San Diego Folk Festival Series was produced by Roz and Howard Larman and will be presented to you over KPFT by Michael (Banjo Kid) Levine, Thom (Three Ears) Clark and Richard (Ace Paladino) Brooks. Listen.

IN LIVING SOUND

As of press time, KPFT has scheduled three live concerts for the month.

The first will be on Oct. 12 when the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band comes up to our studios in the early afternoon for some down-home pickin' and strummin'.

On Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15 and 9:30 p.m., KPFT will present a live concert from Liberty Hall featuring Dusty Draper and the Drifters plus Fifties rock-n-rollers Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids.

Also from Liberty Hall, on Halloween night at 9 p.m., Clifton Chenier will set the pace (foot stompin') for a Zydeco Halloween dance.

Of course, if more concerts are scheduled at Liberty Hall on some future date, we will be broadcasting these also.

Throughout the month, we also anticipate doing concerts from Sand Mountain and (now for the first time) Anderson Fair, but we have no definite schedules at present.

You can always catch impromptu picking sessions on the Magic Cowboy Band show on Sundays as well as on Don Sanders' Monday night show.

Because of the success of the broadcast from Sugarhill Studios with Carl Adams and the Freedom Sound and also because of the good results we had broadcasting Sundown live from KPFT, we plan to do another Sugarhill gig near the end of the month with the Lanier Greig Group from Houston. Listen to KPFT for exact time and date.

We will be presenting taped jazz concerts of the Turk Murphy Ragtime Jazz Band on Oct. 3 at 3 p.m. Mike Nock Jazz Band on Oct. 17 at 2:30 a.m. and Stanley Turrentine and his band in their La Bastille performance on Oct. 24 at 3 p.m.

Be sure to be listening on Oct. 26 as Wakeman presents Vangelis O. Pappathanassiou at 8:30 a.m. and Ace Paladino chimes in with Michael Murphy at noon.

RHYME TIME

KPFT will devote a special segment of its October programming to American poets such as Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Denise Levertov, Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath. We'll skip Rod McKuen this time around.

At 8:30 a.m. on Oct. 5 and at 9 p.m. on Oct. 29, Wakeman and Slowly G. will present two original collages of Allen Ginsberg reading his poetry. On Oct. 30 at 9 p.m., you can hear Lawrence Ferlinghetti read, among others, "Moscow in the Wilderness, Segovia in the Snow" and "Coney Island of the Mind."

On Oct. 23 at 9 p.m., KPFT will air a program entitled "What Woman, Who Myself, I Am" with Rosalie Sorrels playing music and reading the feminist poetry of Denise Levertov, Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath. The program was produced at WBAI in New York.

In addition to Monday night broadcasts from Anderson Fair of

readings of the Southern Seed Poets Guild, Lorenzo Thomas and some new poets from the Black Arts Center will join Lawrence Jones late some Saturday night for a reading of their works. Also look for Black comedy from Dick Gregory on Lawrence's show on the mornings of Oct. 6, 14, 25 and 30.

SPECIAL FEATURES

In the area of reporting and commentary this month, expect to hear from Ken Kesey, Capt. Harold Gunn, Maxine Andrews and Richard Lamparski.

On Sunday, Oct. 6 at 7 p.m., join Thorne Dreyer and Capt. Harold and greased friends for a rollicking two hours on the topic of the removal of birds nests from antennae and the care and feeding of commercial sponsors.

On Tuesday, Oct. 9 at 9 p.m. join Slowly G., Bob Kuttner and Dannie Burdett in "A Visit to Club Orgy," a sex club on NYC's west side.

The following Tuesday (Oct. 16) at 9 p.m., Richard Lamparski takes us "Backstage at a Coney Island Sideshow" to interview the Penguin Boy, the Tattooed Lady, the Tall Man and the rest of the real freaks. Tremendous insights.

A week later (Oct. 23) be in Hollywood with Richard Lamparski and the Slowly Grail as they hear about the first big hit the Andrews Sisters made in 1938 and the fame and lack of harmony that followed in: "Whatever Became of Maxine Andrews?"

In a series of taped interviews provided by ZBS Media, hear Ken Kesey, author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, talk about John Coltrane, Luis Bunuel, Bob Dylan, Jean Genet, STP and the Black Panthers on Oct. 21, 22 and 25 at 3 p.m.

THE CREATIVE INTENTION

On Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2:30 p.m., hear Thom Clark interview Earl Hubbard, the futurist author of *Creative Intention*, live in our studios. They will discuss "The New Perspective," "The Second Age of Why" and other topics of cosmic philosophy. It promises to make more sense than politics.

SEXUAL FANTASIES AND MOUSEKETEERS

During October we plan to run various live phone interviews with such individuals as Nancy Friday, who wrote an anthology on *Women's Sexual Fantasies*; Joey, a successful Mafia hit man; Max Flindt, anthropologist author of *Mankind, Child of the Stars;* and Paul Peterson who made and lost a million by age 25 as, successively, a mouseketeer, "Jeff" on the Donna Reed show and a hit pop singer. He's now writing novels on dope smuggling. Consult your newspaper or call the station at 224-4000 for exact dates and times.

PARAPSYBERCHOLOGYISM

In the mornings of October, you will get parapsychology and paraparticipation. On Oct. 1, 15 and 29, you get Buff Halo King, astrologer. On Oct. 4, the final show of Dr. Robert Wright, biopsyberneticist. On Oct. 9, you can hear Dr. Charles Muse talk about a mechanically-assisted method of meditation as divined from Dead Sea Scrolls. On Oct. 11, Charles Garfield talks on comparative consciousness, and on Oct. 12, you get J. G. Bennett speaking about the Russian mystic, G. I. Gurdjieff.

On the 19th, listen to "Bedtime Story," a collage of Leary, Watts, Heine and others discussing the audio conditioning records used on children in California in the early Fifties. On Oct. 17 and 18, tune in to the Baba Ram Dass lectures given at UT this summer, followed by live phone-in comments.

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

At midnight on Halloween night, after the live broadcast of Clifton Chenier from Liberty Hall, listen to "Are You One of the Frightened?" – especially if you are alone. This special program was produced by Zydeco Productions in Philadelphia and features Vincent Price, the three witches from Shakespeare's MacBeth, and lots of weird music.

ATTENTION NOSTALGIA BUFFS!

On Oct. 2 at 9 p.m., Henry Kjellander will join the Slowly G. for an old radio contest. Kjellander will have tapes of famous announcers and programs from the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. The first listener to identify each clip will receive a 60-minute cassette recording of an old radio show, absolutely free!

A QUILT IS A COMFORT

Mary Woodard Davis, nationally known quilter from Sante Fe, N. M., is in Houston to conduct a four day quilting workshop.

Ms. Davis, 73, began quilting as a child and has been traveling around the country collecting designs and information about the craft. Her remarkable collection includes quilts from the 1800's, 1850's and 1900's. She also has contemporary quilts, jackets and skirts. Her collection, and the works of local quilters, will be shown and sold at the future studios of KPFT radio at 419 Lovett Blvd., Oct. 4 - 5, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. For more information, contact Patricia Smith at 224-4000.

PUNKY'S PARTY PIX:

The Pacifica National Board chose Houston as their meeting place last month to discuss matters concerning the nationwide Pacifica network and to view KPFT's proud new home. After the meetings, local board member Thelma Meltzer invited KPFT staff and national board to her home for a party. Photographer Punky Crow was on hand to snap these shots. Top photo (left to right): Ed Goodman, President of the Pacifica Foundation; Danny Samuels, KPFT Local Advisory Board Chairperson; Pat Faucheaux, KPFT Development Director; Thorne Dreyer, KPFT General Manager; Jonas Rosenfield Jr., national board member and a vice-president of Twentieth Century Fox. Bottom photo: Larry Josephson, General Manager of WBAI in New York City.

(BELOW) THE PEOPLE YOU HEAR EVERYDAY. Left to right: the Slowly Grail, Marty Manning, Charlie Park, Mandy, Bill Grant and Lawrence Jones.

OCTOBRE

Graphic by Tom Evans

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
KPFT		9am/1,001 NIGHTS, readings therefrom .plus /BUFF HALO KING talks 12pm/SONGS OF THE NORTH COUNTRY workshop 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS with our own earwitness team: Tom, Marty, Jim, et al 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS in which Jack Flanders searches for Lord Jowls	5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS drives you home or drives you batty 9pm/OLD TIME RADIO GIVE-AWAYS CONTEST with Henry Kjellander, Slowly G. and free prizes 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS another episode, four days later	12pm/COUNTRY HARMONY WORKSHOP 3pm/TURK MURPHY JAZZ BAND at Earthquake McGoon's 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS and now here's Marty 8:15pm/LIBERTY HALL live concert to be announced 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS	9am/DR. ROBERT WRIGHT, talks about biopsybernetics and forever holds his peace 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS 9pm/CRAZY CAJUN SHEAUX	8:30am/ALAN GINSBERG reads his rhymes 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS continued
2:30am/DICK GREGORY 7am/MUSICAL TROT with Liselott 12pm 'til/THE MONTROSE AREA BLOCK PARTY live from Anderson Fair -- Ma Bell permitting Otherwise: 3pm/THE MAGIC COWBOY BAND 6:30pm/FOURTH TOWER weekly wrapup 7pm/THE BRIARPATCH with Thorne Dreyer and Capt. Harold 9pm/JAZZ with Arnell Stripling	1pm/SAN DIEGO FOLK FESTIVAL, Wednesday evening, pt. 1 3:30pm/JEAN SHEPARD does his thing 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS 7:30pm/HOLA AMIGOS! Spanish interest programming 8pm/DONNIE JO D.J. SHOW with spritely Don Sanders	9am/THE MIND PARASITES readings from Colin Wilson's book 1:30pm/HOW TO WRITE A SONG workshop 5pm/you guessed it: DRIVE TIME NEWS 9pm/A visit to CLUB ORGY	9am/DYNAMIC RESONANCE MEDITATION 1:30pm/TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA BLUES WORKSHOP 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS in which 8pm/WHATEVER BECAME OF THE GREEN HORNET? with Richard Lamparski 11:50pm/THE FOURTH TOWER in which Jack goes off in search of his lost uncle	9am/CONSCIOUSNESS EAST AND WEST interview with Charles Garfield 1pm/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST Thursday night, pt. 1 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS 8:15pm/LIBERTY HALL live band to be announced 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER Jack finds Eeny Meeny lying unconscious in a pile of laundry	1pm/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST Thursday night, pt. 2 5pm/DRIVE (me crazy) TIME NEWS 9pm/CRAZY CAJUN doing it to it like we got all kind of good sense	8:30am/J.G. BENNETT on Gurdjieff 11am/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST Wednesday evening, part 1 8:30pm/NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND LIVE FROM KPFT 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS in which Jives falls into a vat of flour
7am/MUSICAL TROT get up and dance, you schvine! 2pm/MAGIC COWBOY BAND will lay you so far back you may fall asleep 6:30pm/Fourth Tower wrapped up in plain brown airwaves 7pm/THE BRIARPATCH with Herr Dreyer 9pm/JAZZ with Arnell	1:30am/DICK GREGORY 1:30pm/WORKING WOMEN'S SONGS WORKSHOP 3:30pm/JEAN SHEPARD 5pm/DRIVE (me Gumaraji, and Bill me Ignitis) TIME NEWS 7:30pm/HOLA AMIGOS! same to you, buddy! 8pm/DONNIE JO D.J. SHOW with the one and only	9am/BUFF HALO KING speaks 1:30pm/COWBOY SONGS WORKSHOP 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS sit in your Cadillac and become informed 9pm/FREAKS ABOUND backstage at a Coney Island sideshow	1pm/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST contd – Fri eve, part 1 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS today Ford claims to be another Lincoln 9pm/WILL ROGERS SPECIAL with Henry Kjellander, collector of old radio tapes	2:30 am/MIKE NOCK JAZZ BAND 9am/BABA RAM DASS lectures given at UT 1:30pm/SONGWRITER'S WORKSHOP with Utah Phillips 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS contd 8:15pm/LIBERTY HALL live concert, if scheduled 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER in which Jack offers his aunt some pie	1pm/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST contd -- today, Sun. afternoon, pt. 1 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS gives your brain a wax and shine 9pm/CRAZY CAJUN SHEAUX with Huey P. Meaux	7.30am/SOUR APPLE TREE, a bedtime story for you to wake up to (or go to sleep to, as the case may be) 11am/SAN DIEGO FOLK FEST contd -today, Sun. nite part 2 8:15pm/DUSTY DRAPER & THE DRIFTERS live from Liberty Hall followed by FLASH CADILLAC & THE CONTINENTAL KIDS
7am/MUSICAL TROT with Liselott 2pm/THE MAGIC COWBOY BAND 6:30pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS weekly wrapup 7pm/THE BRIARPATCH with the one and only Thorne 9pm/JAZZ with Arnell Stripling	3pm/KEN KESEY courtesy of ZBS Media 3:30pm/JEAN SHEPARD -. WOR 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS today Ford "dodges" questions 7:30pm/HOLA AMIGOS! with Marcello Marini 8pm/DONNIE JO D. J. SHOW a cultural boon, no less	3pm/KEN KESEY continued, if that's possible 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS in which a former pres. gets it down pat 9pm/WHATEVER BECAME OF MAXINE ANDREWS? and who in the hell is she anyway?	9am/IN A NARROW GRAVE, readings from Texas essays by Larry McMurtry. 2:30pm/EARL HUBBARD, futurist author the "The Creative Intention" live on KPFT 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS 9pm/WHAT WOMAN, WHO MYSELF, I AM poetry and song with Rosalie Sorrels	3pm/STANLEY TURRENTINE BAND from La Bastille 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS rolls on 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS in which Little Freida gets Jack off	2.30am/DICK GREGORY prerec 3pm/KEN KESEY on STP 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS in which Kissinger saves world from the dread 9pm/CRAZY CAJUN and the great big old vendredi au soir	8:30pm/WHO IS VANGELIS O? or can you count to 666? 12pm/MICHAEL MURPHY as recorded at Liberty Hall 11:50pm/FOURTH TOWER OF INVERNESS in which "Jack" jumps "off" the tower
7am/MUSICAL TROT WITH LISELOTT Achtung! 2pm/MAGIC COWBOY'S in the flesh (or hot leather) 6:30pm/FOURTH TOWER wrap up for the week 7pm/THE BRIARPATCH with Good 'Ol Thorne 9pm/JAZZ with Arnell	3:30pm/JEAN SHEPARD 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS today Jackie buys new makeup 7:30pm/HOLA AMIGOS! 8pm/DONNIE JO D. J. SHOW with Donnie Jo Sanders	9am/BUFF HALO KING 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS 9pm/GINSBERG reads Ginsberg and Blake	2:30am/DICK GREGORY 5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS today Ford addresses Plymouth 9pm/FERLINGHETTI SPAGHETTI oodles of Lawrence	5pm/DRIVE TIME NEWS the concluding episode for October: John Dean comes clean 9pm/CLIFTON CHENIER at the annual Liberty Hall Halloween ball 12am/ARE YOU ONE OF THE FRIGHTENED? special Halloween bloodcurdler w/ Vincent Price, music	fm 90	

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BRUCE will swap his '68 Monterey w/ air, 55,000 mi., for anything else that runs. Call 224-4000.

2 + 2 = 5? It does here at the KPFT business office. If you have an adding machine that runs with tape that you can donate (or if you can fix ours) call Jim at 224-4000.

EARTH SHOE sandals for sale, from the Berkeley, Cal., store. Womans size, about 9 - 9½. $20. Call 771-3314.

CAR POOL. Charles can't drive and needs a ride to work every day. He lives in Spring Branch and needs a ride to Chimney Rock/SW Fwy area daily. Will pay expenses. Call 464-8037 or 661-3136.

USED VW, '69 vintage, for sale. Needs some work. Contact Ryan at 224-4000.

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KPFT AIRSHIFTS OCT '74

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUES-THURS	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
AM 12	Bill Grant (contd)	Arnell Stripling (contd)	Bill Grant (contd)	Bill Grant (contd)	Son of Mystery Stranger
1					
2		Lawrence Jones Jazz	Lawrence Jones Jazz	Lawrence Jones Jazz	
3	Lawrence Jones Fly by Night				
4					Saturday Morning, Oh, Saturday Morning...
5					
6					
7		Charlie Park	Charlie Park	Charlie Park	Wakeman (aka spirit)
8	Musical Trot Mit Liselott				
9					
10	Ace Paladino	Buffalo Chip Bob	Michael Levine	Michael Levine	Ace Paladino
11					
PM 12					
1					
2	Magic Cowboy Band Cosmic Cowpokes	Thom Clark	Thom Clark	Thom Clark	Saturday Afternoon Matinee
3					
4					
5		Drive Time News Marty, Tom, et. al.	Drive Time News	Drive Time News	
6	Drivin' Ivan/Fourth Tower				
7	The Briarpatch Interviews by Thorne Dreyer	Hola Amigos!	The Slowly Grail	Slowly G.	Slowly Grail
8					
9		Donnie Jo D. J. Show Don Sanders		The Crazy Cajun Sheaux with Huey P. Meaux	
10	Arnell Stripling Jazz				
11					Bill Grant
AM 12		Bill Grant	Bill Grant		

(Due to last minute shift changes, the above schedule may be subject to minor changes during the coming month.)

Sportswriters Go Sporty

Aggression in The Pressbox

by Jim Strong

There have been sportswriters almost as long as there have been newspapers in this country. They used to be identifiable by the drabness of their dress, like the proverbial undercover cop in his shiny-elbowed, drip-dry Sears suit.

No more.

Probably inspired by the athletes they sometimes idolize (or maybe even long to be), many sportswriters and sportscasters have taken the sartorial plunge. They have come out of their closets wearing multitoned platform shoes, gaudy double knit suits, white belts with purple shoes and razor cut hairstyles you'd never have seen at Georgia Tech games in the late Fifties.

The TV commentators seem to be the vanguard of the tinsel and glitter cult, sporting shoulder bags, see-through shirts with open fronts and the *de rigeur* metal fetish hanging from a gold chain, resting on a hopefully hairy chest.

The flashy dressers are still in the minority, however. One continues to see the traditional school of poorly-tailored, checked sportcoats and semiflourescent pants, the Banlon shirts, and even an occasional snap-brim cloth hat sporting a garish feather or two.

Sports reporters have yet to reach the splendor of, say, the Pittsburg Steelers' John "Frenchy" Fuqua or the excesses of some of the top basketball stars. But they have done the best they can on their relatively modest incomes. If you spot something as mundane as a pair of blue jeans or a work shirt in a pressbox, chances are you've happened onto a photographer.

If sports reporters have begun to dress and talk for each other, they still are viewed by many of the journalistic profession as hacks of little talent and less perception who couldn't do much else. They seem trapped in a world of shallow and repetitive occurrences. Scores are given, questions are asked about upcoming games, plays are described from past games and players are asked what it feels like to have won or lost.

The Purple Paschall Panthers still "crush" the Goose Creek Gobblers, the Baytown Broncos "roll over" the Madisonville Matadors, and so on and so on. Generally, there tends to be little thoughtful analysis of the principles or practices underpinning the modern sports industry. Criticism tends to remain confined to losing games or poor coaching.

The idea of the Fourth Estate as guardian of the public interest and impartial examiner often becomes obscured in the sports arena. The only other journalistic parallel that readily comes to mind is the police reporter. After a while, some police reporters tend to "go native," sporting whiplash antennae on their cars and talking about permissive courts destroying our system of discipline and justice.

The basic premise held by almost every athletic team's publicity person is that it is the function of the sportswriter to provide publicity for the team. It's the P.R. person's job to try to make sure that publicity is as good as possible. And if the free lunch, along with nickel beer, has disappeared from the corner bar, it is alive and well in the world of sports. Quality may vary, but sports reporters expect to get fed.

In Houston, the Astros baseball games have to rank at the top in the area of culinary delights – a mammoth roast cooked to perfection, fried chicken and assorted other entrees are served along with ice cream, cookies and brownies for dessert and all the beer and mixed drinks one wants, through all nine innings.

On the other end of the spectrum, the Houston Rockets stick a stainless steel steamer full of borderline hot dogs in an unused hallway, load up a tub with Pepsi Cola and ice and call it a day – letting the press fend for themselves.

Season passes, free food, complimentary tickets, free beer, maybe even a gratis trip or two with the team – there is nothing innately wrong with any of these, as long as they do not encroach on a reporter's objectivity.

But there is a constant danger in reporting sports that the reporter *will* begin to go native, making the break with team-think only after he has decided the coach or general manager must go.

All too often, a sports team's front office will tend to think in terms of "either you're with us or you're against us." The concept of discipline and team unity will carry over to what's expected of those covering a team. Questions about a particular club's policies, management or finances are viewed, often as not, as outright challenges – aggression that is to be dealt with when possible.

If the aggressor is covering the team for a large daily, a TV station or the top sports radio station in town, the aggression will be tolerated by the club and the resentment will become internalized. Thus it is that the sports editor of one of Houston's two major papers is referred to by a certain pro team's personnel as "the Poison Pen." When he shows up at a game, however, the club's G.M. is all hearts and flowers. A lesser station or publication might just find its working press credentials (or at least the ones with the meal ticket) jerked.

Unfortunately, the Great-Dichotomy-in-the-Skybox still seems to exist in sports reporting between those who are gung-ho and, thereby, "OK" and those who question and are, therefore, "the enemy."

As much as some people decry his wordiness and style, Howard Cosell has been a pioneer in the broadening of sports coverage. As was said last issue, that's probably a large consideration in the blind rage his name seems to evoke from some people whenever it is mentioned.

But sports reporting will come of age only when the local stations and papers can learn to tolerate and develop their own Howard Cosells – and not before. It would be a great shame to think that the only form of investigative reporting Houston can provide is the pernicious populism of the pseudo-journalism practiced by Marvin Zindler – something that makes Huey Long seem Plato by comparison.

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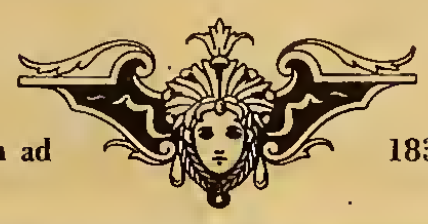

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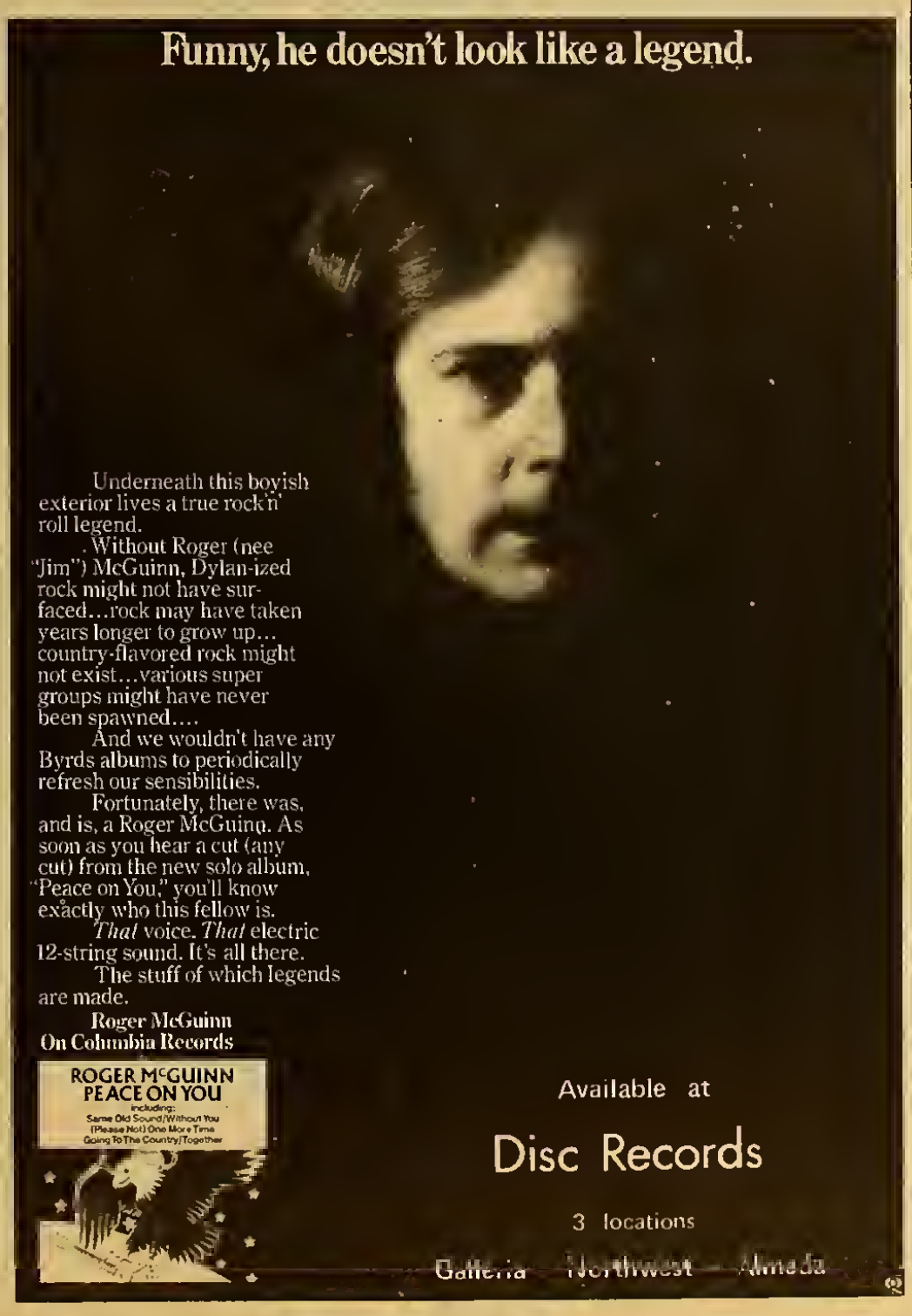
Funny, he doesn't look like a legend.



Underneath this boyish exterior lives a true rock'n' roll legend.

Without Roger (nee "Jim") McGuinn, Dylan-ized rock might not have surfaced...rock may have taken years longer to grow up... country-flavored rock might not exist...various super groups might have never been spawned....

And we wouldn't have any Byrds albums to periodically refresh our sensibilities.

Fortunately, there was, and is, a Roger McGuinn. As soon as you hear a cut (any cut) from the new solo album, "Peace on You," you'll know exactly who this fellow is.

That voice. *That* electric 12-string sound. It's all there.

The stuff of which legends are made.

Roger McGuinn
On Columbia Records

ROGER McGUINN
PEACE ON YOU
Including:
Same Old Sound/Without You
(Please Not) One More Time
Going To The Country/Together

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Criticism *(cont. from 5)*

momentary lapse in the main line of Lenny's thought." These lapses in revolutionary outlook, we are assured, "can readily be both understood and overlooked."

Apparently so, but not if we want to understand Lenny Bruce. Whatever Kofsky's opinions on the subject, Bruce refuted Communism point blank: "Communism is like one big phone company – you're screwed."

As Goldman amply demonstrates, Bruce was not a political revolutionary; his attitude toward the law was complex and ambivalent. One of his fantasies was that one day he would perform his act before a stern New York judge and afterwards the judge would say, "Are you kidding? Arrest this man for obscenity? Why, he's a true American! A moralist! An intellect! Case dismissed!" Then the judge would come down off the bench, put his arm around Bruce and say, "Come along, son. I've got a rod and line in my chambers. Let's go fishing."

These can hardly be seen as "marginal" comments if we seek to understand a flesh and blood man rather than a two-dimensional political martyr.

Bruce had the creative genius to state provocative thoughts in ways that lead his audience to experience the very thoughts he espoused. He leads you to the water and you want to drink! "Yes, yes, that's it!" you feel like shouting. "Man, that's the way it really is!"

Many times his bits, his *spritzes*, his one-liners, contained politically radical concepts – among other things. But, like the punchline that is destroyed by trying to explain it, Bruce's mind-expanding brilliance is reduced to mind-dulling rhetoric by Kofsky's heavy-handed approach.

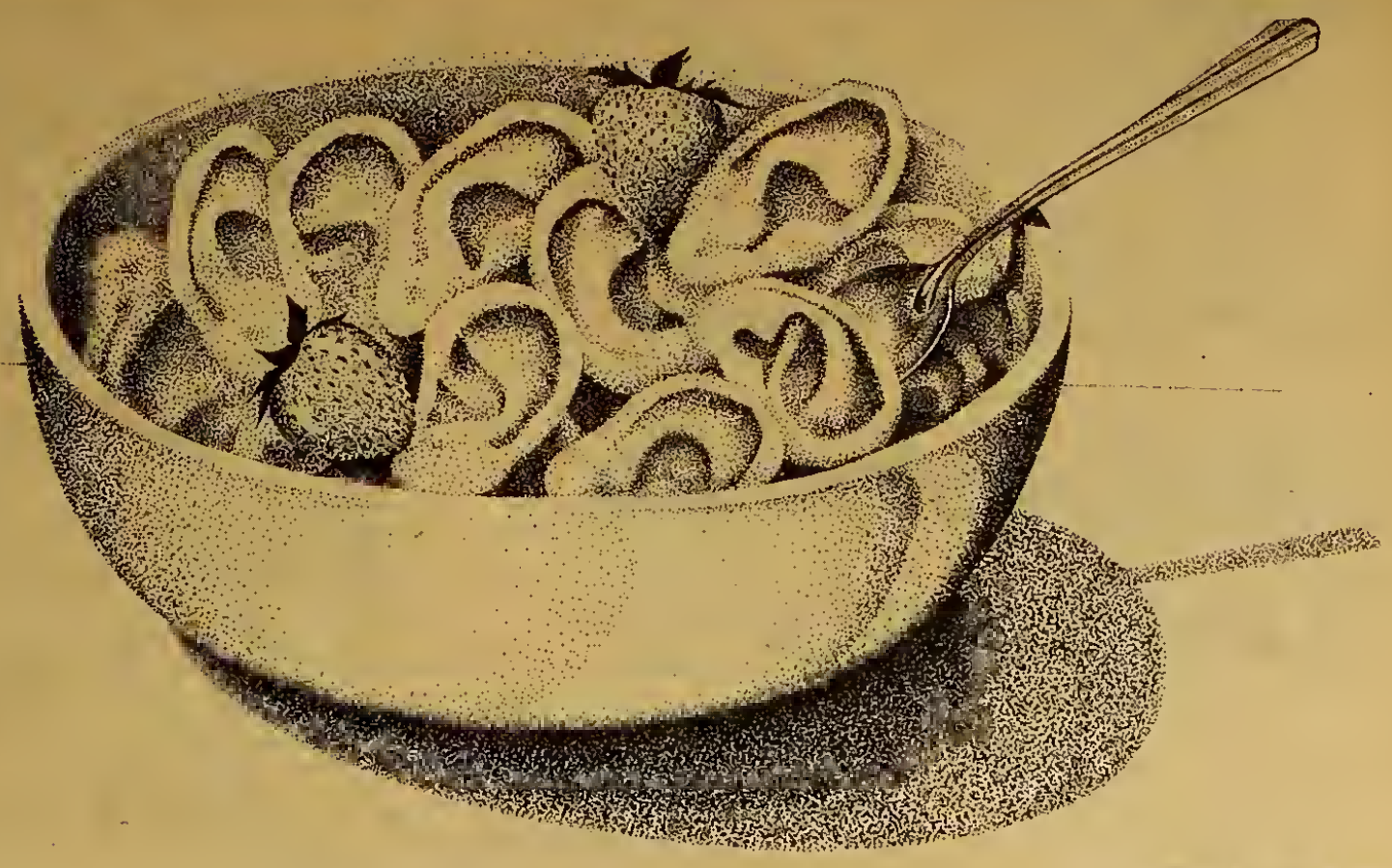
While far superior to Kofsky, Goldman's book is uneven. At times, Goldman attempts to emulate the hip jargon of Bruce and his world; at other times, he writes in a straight narrative style. Parts of the book illuminate hard-to-get-at dynamics of Bruce's inner and outer worlds; other parts are simply confusing.

Ladies and Gentlemen – Lenny Bruce! is by no means a definitive straight biography (there is no index, for instance). It is an epic, descriptive piece of New Journalism, full of fascinating material about its subject.

If you're interested in Bruce, though, do yourself a favor. Before you run off to read biographies or analyses (or more book reviews!) about him, experience him yourself through his published works, *The Essential Lenny Bruce* and *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* (both available in paperback). There are also many live Lenny Bruce albums available (some – including Kofsky – say the best is United Artists' two-record set, "Lenny Bruce: Carnegie Hall").

–Steve Hoffman

[Steve Hoffman is a former KPFT News Department staffer participating in a work-study program at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.]



Graphic by Tom Evans

Wax And Shine

Loudon Wainwright III, while visiting KPFT in mid-September, said he has a new album in the making, tentatively titled "Unrequited" . . . Loudon has become a captain in the Army - on TV that is. He'll appear in at least three episodes of M*A*S*H . . . The Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival, exiled to Canada this year, was a bust financially, but the stars were shining, many for no pay whatsoever as promoters ducked out before disaster was certain . . . many drug busts and the like, too.

Doug Sahm and the Tex-Mex Trip are stomping up and down the East Coast on tour throughout September and October . . . Roger McGuinn is on the road in U.K. . . . George Harrison is to embark on his first American tour in the last week of October . . . Stevie Wonder will be in Houston Coliseum, Nov. 5 . . . David Bowie has recorded five new tunes featuring Philadelphia International's MFSB's on backup vocals . . . Casey Kristofferson's now five months old and cutting teeth; momma Rita and daddy Kris are cutting a new album for Monument Records . . . With the help of an Atlanta executive, Mercer College School of Law has founded the Otis Redding Scholarship Fund. The Fund got an early boost from Lou Adler in the form of a $10,000 check . . . Twiggy? She's busy working on her British musical television series dubbed "Twiggs."

KENR's music director Bruce Nelson recently became the first radio announcer to receive RCA Records' "Golden Boot" award for displaying a keen ear . . . Speaking of gold, the Beach Boys have received a certified gold LP for "Endless Summer." While two recording companies busy themselves merchandising fossils, the Beach Boys are finishing off a new album of B. Wilson tunes . . . And Clapton, with a gold "461 Ocean Blvd." tucked under his belt, is in Jamaica working on his next album . . . . Look for Maria Muldaur's shining face soon to grace Time magazine's cover . . . Groucho Marx and Vincent Fournier have struck up quite a friendship. Groucho kindly gave the lad his circular, satin bed with wishes that its new owner might belay better fortune. Groucho had dinner with "Alice" recently and came to the table, Foreign Legion medals pinned to his bathrobe, wearing Mickey Mouse ears.

SHOW BIZ KIDZ . . . A Brownsville Station movie is in early production stages. The story, written by the Station, will be called "Brownsville Station Joins the Army" . . . "Good to See You Again, Alice Cooper" has made a successful showing in Kansas City – nationwide distribution of the film is unscheduled, but certain . . . Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee will appear in a full length documentary on the life and music of legendary bluesman Son House.

Pete Townshend and Ken Russel have completed the film version of "Tommy" to be released, after editing, sometime around Easter. . . some faces in the pictures are Roger Daltry and Keith Moon of the Who, Ann Margret, Jack Nicholson, Elton John, Eric Clapton and Tina Turner . . . Keith Moon (Uncle Ernie in this film) says he forsees several possible movie roles in his future . . . Bianca Jagger has just accepted an undisclosed movie offer . . . speculation still evolving on a possible Mick Jagger/David Bowie picture . . . and so it grows.

–Thom Clark

Quick Cuts

EDDIE AND THE FALCONS/ Wizzard/United Artists

Gymnasium Rock! Beyond Move, beyond the Electric Light Orchestra, beyond the refined recording capabilities of 1974! Guiding light Roy Wood takes a great leap forward into the past, miming the patent sounds of the Fifties (has the patent run out?).

The mime is an excellent one, made convincing by Wood's masterful, galvanized production (99.9 percent tin factor) and his solid arrangement of practiced riffs. Bee-bop-a-loo-la made with deep fuzzy licks that the bee-bop-a-rooty granddaddies would not recognize. Progressive, in a tortured sense, so it sounds twenty years ago tomorrow. Wizzard and the light pull it off, a greasy sock hop in the gym.

HORSE OF A DIFFERENT FEATHER/Diana Marcovitz/Columbia

If Betty Boop was alive today, she might well make music like this – bloozy, cartoony, almost slapstick. A long list of capable musicians – including Dick Hyman – accompany Ms. Marcovitz as she frolics through ten songs (eight of which she penned, and Randy Newman's "Love Story" sounding as if it too were her own), laughing at herself as well as at everyone else, strewing cute profanities throughout and elbowing just about everybody. Diana's songs (both in presentation and in lyric) neatly portray the heroine's part in a "New Yawk" musical comedy.

PEACE ON YOU/Roger McGuinn/ Columbia

For the cover, artist John Van Hamersveld has drawn a bald eagle

hovering above the lunar landscape in a star spangled void, Rickenbacker guitar clutched in its talons – only problem is, it's a six-string guitar and McGuinn notably plucks a twelve-string Ricky. But the image of the bird undecidedly aloft, possessed by keen determination, is an ample one.

McGuinn has stepped away from the Sixties rock alumni and, without aspiring to formulate the next "new direction," has reforged the elements of *his* music. Sometimes alighting on familiar strains, McGuinn and band force a reflection of *his* profile against the American rock vista, demonstrating that McGuinn's power and influence over popular music is indeed more than apparent. With due credits to all involved, this is a notable album.

KAMIKAZE/Deke Leonard/ United Artists

At this point, I am unsure just what a "solo" album is. This, Deke's second "solo" album, is a delight, but he is by no means alone in the joyful noise. Brian Breeze, for instance, adds his unmistakable guitar work to eight of eleven tracks. Martin Ace and Keith Hodge are everywhere, too. (If these are unfamiliar names, you can consult the family tree of musicians and bands in the centerfold of Man's "Be Good to Yourself" album for speedy reference.) Deke has now rejoined the Man band and is busy making music and preparing for a soon-to-begin American tour . . . so long to soloing.

Meanwhile, back on the plastic: I thoroughly enjoy this album. Mad dash (kamikaze) connotations are a spoof. Leonard approaches simple musical ideas with a clear head. This makes for graspable natural tunes, with which this album is filled.

Perhaps Deke will continue to make solo albums as he works with Man – albums with aptly chosen musicians intended to execute certain musical ideas less compromising to Deke Leonard. In any event, Deke's reentry into Man will certainly retemper that group's music.

MIAMI/James Gang/Atco

Tommy Bolin is a remarkable guitarist and the James Gang is a group capable of generating excellent high energy music. This album, though a display case of Bolin's guitar work and the Gang's energy, is also a display case of creative void. Lacking in originality and almost entirely dependent upon restricting formulae, the James Gang is submerging its musical energy, identity and credibility in search of a few popular riffs to pad their pockets – or at least it seems from "Miami".

SIDE ONE, SIDE TWO/Isaac Guillory/Atlantic

A "magical" album.
Side one: Nothing up this sleeve.
Side two: Presto! Nothing up this sleeve, either!

–Thom Clark

[Thom Clark is KPFT's Music Director. His show is 2 to 5 p.m. daily.]

Progress *(cont. from 1)*

in charge. Makes me want to puke."

"Why's that, Bago?"

"Well, I want to know where my share of the action is."

"So do I," I replied as I weaved to avoid a Porsche.

"In L.A. I get up," Bago said, "every morning at 4 a.m. and I look out past my 37 palm trees and scream to the city, 'I'm coming at you, I'm coming at you,' but in L.A. that don't mean nothing. Now in Houston, there's money and growth. Dig it man, look at those slums – probably all got new pool tables."

"If you can't buy it, rent it," said I.

"Look at those billboards, look at those franchises. Watch out for that Ferrari."

"Gotcha."

"As God is my copilot, I see a future here," said Bago.

"Yeah," said I, "and so do a lot of Araps as well. Imagine Araps with the Aryans at the River Oaks Country Club," I continued. "Eating lunch at the Press Club, hobnobbing with Dolph Briscoe's ranchhands. They'd be honored."

"Great city this Houston," said Bago. "Let's find some club and get some drinks."

"I wish I knew one," I said. "I wish I knew one to take you to."

Gary Greene is everywhere. One of these days when Texas Eastern Transmission finishes its downtown city and Shell's Plaza del Oro Dome complex is finished and Greenway Plaza buys up what's left of southwest Houston and Hines owns all the city's banks, Houston will probably be sitting up there at the top of the World Almanac population charts.

Someday, when the South Freeway is finished, people from Highway 1960 will move to the new suburbs to get away from all the Araps that will be moving in.

Someday, when everyone has a little share of the pie, when all the cities of the North are vacated because inflation and urban indigestion have driven them out, booming Houston – if not all of booming Texas – may just have to secede from the Union if only for tax-structure reasons.

Boom Houston, boom! Explode with all the forces of the masses today!

Someday, the big three will be: New York, L.A. and Houston. And then another day it will be: Peking, Houston and Atlantis City. Until that great day someday when the center of the planet Earth will be right here, when a man can bend down and pick up a handful of Astroturf and scream proudly, "I live here, the capital of civilization and of the universe: Houston, Texas."

Then, of course, some foppish Arap will move in and want to buy the entire kit-and-kaboodle for a tax loss, with a clause in the contract saying if he can't buy, he'll take the entire city on a 99-year lease.

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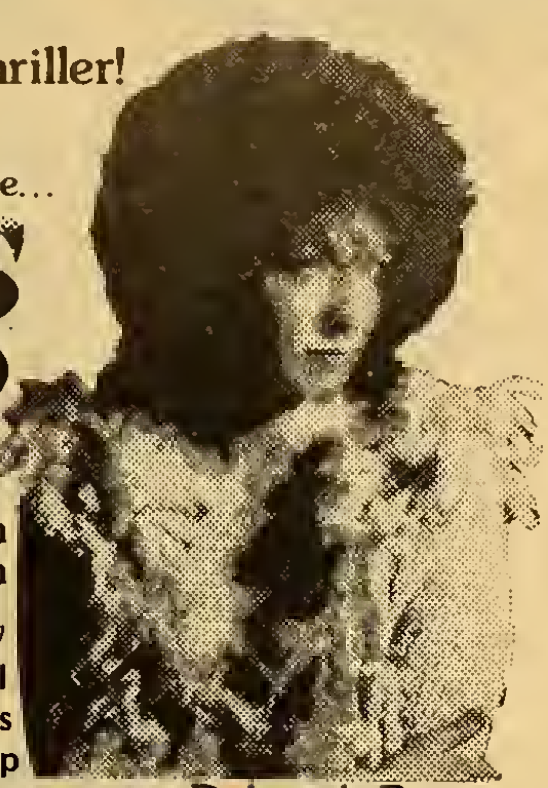

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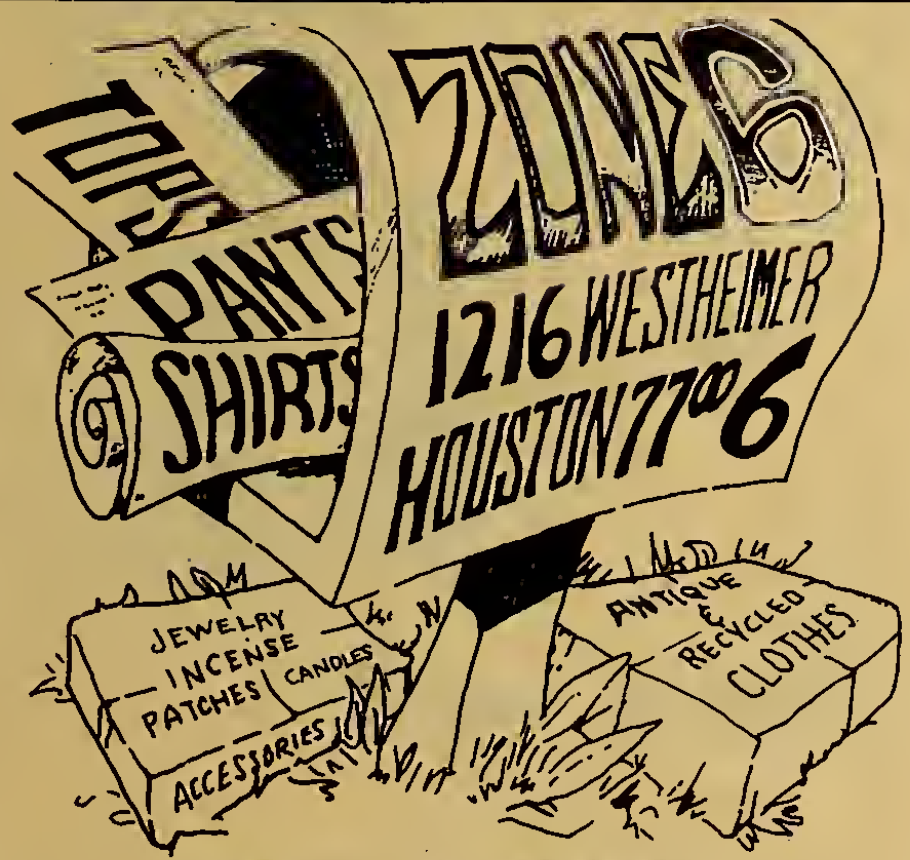

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Events

[The KPFT Events calendar is coordinated by Patricia Smith. If you know of information that should be included, write to: EVENTS, M-90-N, KPFT, 618 Prairie, Houston, 77002, or, if late, call 713-224-4000. Final deadline is 20th of month prior to publication.]

October Spotlight

MONTROSE AREA SEMI-ANNUAL BLOCK PARTY. Street vendors, artists and craftsmen; music by Don Sanders, Vince Bell, Dog Tooth Violet, others to be scheduled. Oct. 6 from noon until, Welch at Grant in front of Anderson Fair. Call 528-8576 for more information.

THE WATERMELON WORKS GARDEN SHOW. Pottery by Ron Propst, influenced by Brautigan's *In Watermelon Sugar.* Oct. 7 from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. at Storehouse, Inc., 1721 S. Post Oak Rd.

ROTHKO CHAPEL, built to house 14 paintings by the late Mark Rothko. Excellent spot for spiritual regeneration. Daily from noon to 8 p.m., 1400 block of Sul Ross. Call 524-9839 for more information.

STEAMBATH, an outrageous comedy with God as a Puerto Rican steambath attendant. Full of surprises. Oct. 3 through 5 at 8 p.m.; Oct. 6 at 5 p.m. Reunion Theater, 502 Louisiana. Adults, $4; students $3.

THE BOYFRIEND, Sandy Wilson's 1920's musical directed by Sam Havens, choreographed by Chesley Krohn. Oct. 9 through 12 and 16 through 19 at 8:30 p.m. Univ. of St. Thomas, Jones Theater. Adults, $2; students, $1. Call 522-7911, ext. 305, for more information.

VIRGINIA SLIMS TOUR, with top women tennis players including Chris Evert, Yvonne Goolagong and Rosemary Cassals. Oct. 1 through 6 at 5:30 p.m. Net Set Raquet Club, 1601 Hayes Rd. Call 783-1620 for more information.

HOUSTON BALLET, begins its 74-75 season with Violette Verdy and Edward Villela of the New York City Ballet in the "Black Swan Pas de Deux" and other pieces. Oct. 24 at 7:30 p.m., Oct. 25 and 26 at 8:30 p.m. Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana. Tickets $2.50 to $10.50. Call 225-0257 for more information.

RICE MEDIA CENTER FALL FILM SERIES, continuing through December. Includes new Third World cinema, silent film classics, French Cine-Club. See "Film" section below for details. Call 528-4141 for more information. Rice Media Center is located on the Rice University campus.

WESTHEIMER ART FESTIVAL, one of Houston's biggest sidewalk art shows. Oct. 19 and 20 from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Rain dates: Oct. 26 and 27. Free. Call 524-7433 for more information.

MAIN STREET '74, major civic arts event of the year. Oct. 11 from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Oct. 12 and 13 from noon to dusk. Intersection of Main St., Montrose and Bissonnet. Call 227-5111 for more information.

Daily Listings

Music

CONTEMPORARY

Tues	
Tues/1st	DOG TOOTH VIOLET/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	HARRY OSWALD/Sunshine House, 2111 Norfolk/7:30pm/529-4593
Wed/2nd	DOG TOOTH VIOLET/Anderson Fair/528-8576
Thurs/3rd	DON SANDERS/Anderson Fair/ 528-8576
	JOHN GRIMAUDO & MIKE CONNELL/Sunshine House/529-4593
Fri/4th	RUSH, KISS, CACTUS/Music Hall/8pm/Tix at Evolution Tapes & Recs
	VINCE BELL/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TOWNES VAN ZANDT/UofH Coffeehouse/8pm/749-1435
Sat/5th	VINCE BELL/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TOWNES VAN ZANDT/UofH Coffeehouse/8pm/749-1435
Sun/6th	ANDERSON FAIR'S MONTROSE AREA BLOCK PARTY/all your favorite performers/noon 'til/Welch at Grant/ 528-8576
	NECTAR/Cullen Aud., UofH/4pm & 8pm/ 749-1435
	MUNICIPAL BAND CONCERT/Sam Houston Park/2pm/free/222-3211
Mon/7th--Sat/19th	THE PLATTERS/Hyatt Regency, Crystal Forest/224-2222
Wed/9th	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Thurs/10th	TIM JOHNSON/Anderson Fair/528-8576

Fri/11th	JOHN GRIMAUDO & MIKE CONNELL/Sunshine House/529-4593
	ERIC TAYLOR/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	UofH COFFEEHOUSE/call 749-1435 for details
Sat/12th	ERIC TAYLOR/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	BAYOU CITY MUSIC COMMITTEE BARBER SHOP QUARTET/ Miller Oudtoor Theater/4pm/free/622-6500
	UofH COFFEEHOUSE/call 749-1435 for details
	HOUSTON CIVIC SYMPHONY/Miller Outdoor Theater/222-3576/ dusk/free
Sun/13th	TRAFFIC/Hofheinz Pavillion/749-2372/$4-$6
	SANDY ROEPKEN/Anderson Fair/528-8576
Tues/15th	ANDRE MATHEWS/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Wed/16th	REB SMITH/Anderson Fair/528-8576
Thurs/17th	JOHN GRIMAUDO & MIKE CONNELL/Sunshine House/529-4593
	REB SMITH/Anderson Fair/528-8576
Fri/18th	MICHEAL MARCOULIER/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Sat/19th	FLASH CADILLAC & THE CONTINENTAL KIDS/Liberty Hall/8 & 11 pm/225-6250
	JOHN DENVER/Coliseum/8pm/$7.25 & $6.25
	MICHAEL MARCOULIER/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Sun/20th	FLASH CADILLAC & THE CONTINENTAL KIDS/Liberty Hall/ 8pm/225-6250
	DON SANDERS/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	SINGING BOYS OF HOUSTON/Brown Aud., Museum of Fine Arts/ 526-1361/2pm/free
Tues/22nd	TIM JOHNSON/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Tues/22nd--Thurs/31st	ANDY RUSSELL/Hyatt Regency, Crystal Forest/224-2222
Wed/23rd	JAZZ ENSEMBLE/U of St. Thomas, Jones Hall/8pm/free/522-7911
Thurs/24th	SERIOUS MUSIC AND ALL THAT JAZZ/UofH, Houston Room/ free/11am/749-1116
	GARY BURTON QUINTET/UofH, Cullen Aud./8pm/free
	LUCINDA/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	CATFISH JOHN/Sunshine House/529-4593
Fri/25th	SERIOUS MUSIC AND ALL THAT JAZZ/UofH/1pm in Houston Room, 8pm in Cullen Aud./free/749-1116
	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
	STEPHEN JARRARD/Anderson Fair/528-8576
Sat/26th	JOHN GRIMAUDO & MIKE CONNELL/Sunshine House/529-4593
	STEPHEN JARRARD/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	CATFISH JOHN/Sunshine House/529-4593
Sun/27th	THREE DOG NIGHT/Coliseum/8pm
	ALL CITY STRINGS/Brown Aud., Museum of Fine Arts/4pm/free
	JOHN GRIMAUDO/Anderson Fair/528-8576
	STEPHEN JARRARD/Sunshine House/529-4593
Mon/28th	FRANK SINATRA/Hofheinz Pavilion/8pm/
	CATFISH JOHN/Sunshine House/529-4593
Tues/29th	TURKEY HARRIS/Sunshine House/529-4593
Wed/30th	COMMANDER CODY/Music Hall/$6 and $5/222-3487
Thurs/31st	CLIFTON CHENIER/Liberty Hall Halloween Party/8pm/225-6250

CLASSICAL

Tues	
Tues/1st	HOUSTON SYMPHONY/Jones Hall/8:30pm/224-4240
Fri/4th	UofH SYMPHONY/Houston Room/8pm/free/749-1116
Sat/5th	UofH SYMPHONY/Miller Outdoor Theater/8pm/free/749-1116
Sun/6th	TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB/Brown Aud., Museum of Fine Arts/4pm/ free/526-1361
	20TH CENTURY SONATAS/Dudley Recital Hall, UofH/4pm/free/ 749-1116
	HOUSTON CLASSICAL GUITAR SOCIETY/U of St Thomas, Jones Hall/4pm/free/528-5666
Tues/8th	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/8pm/227-5277
Wed/9th	COMPLETE ORGAN WORKS OF J.S. BACH/St. Vincent de Paul Church, 6800 Buffalo Spdwy/8pm/528-4141, ext. 812
Fri/11th	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/8pm/227-5277
Sat/12th	UofH SYMPHONY/Miller Outdoor Theater/8pm/free/749-1116
	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/8pm/227-5277
Sun/13th	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/2:30pm/227-5277
	HOUSTON YOUTH SYMPHONY/Sculpture Garden, Montrose and Bissonnet/5pm/free/227-5111
	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/2:30pm/227-5277
Mon/14th	HOUSTON GRAND OPERA/Jones Hall/7pm/227-5277
Wed/16th	CONCENTUS MUSICUS/Hammon Hall, Rice U./8:30pm/free/ 528-4141, ext. 1277
Sun/20th	HOUSTON SYMPHONY/Jones-Hall/2:30pm/224-4240
Mon/21st	HOUSTON SYMPHONY/Jones Hall/8:30pm/224-4240
Wed/23rd	COMPLETE ORGAN WORKS OF J.S. BACH/Rice Memorial Chapel/ Rice U./528-4141
Sun/27th	KPFT CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES CONCERT/Reunion Theater, 502 Louisiana/2nd in a series of musical events sponsored by KPFT, to be broadcast live/8:30pm/$2 gen. public, free to subscribers/224-4000
Mon/28th	HOUSTON SYMPHONY/Jones Hall/8:30pm/224-4240
Tues/29th	HOUSTON SYMPHONY/Jones Hall/8:30pm/224-4240
Wed/30th	COLLEGIUM MUSICUM/U. of St. Thomas, Jones Hall/8pm/522-7911

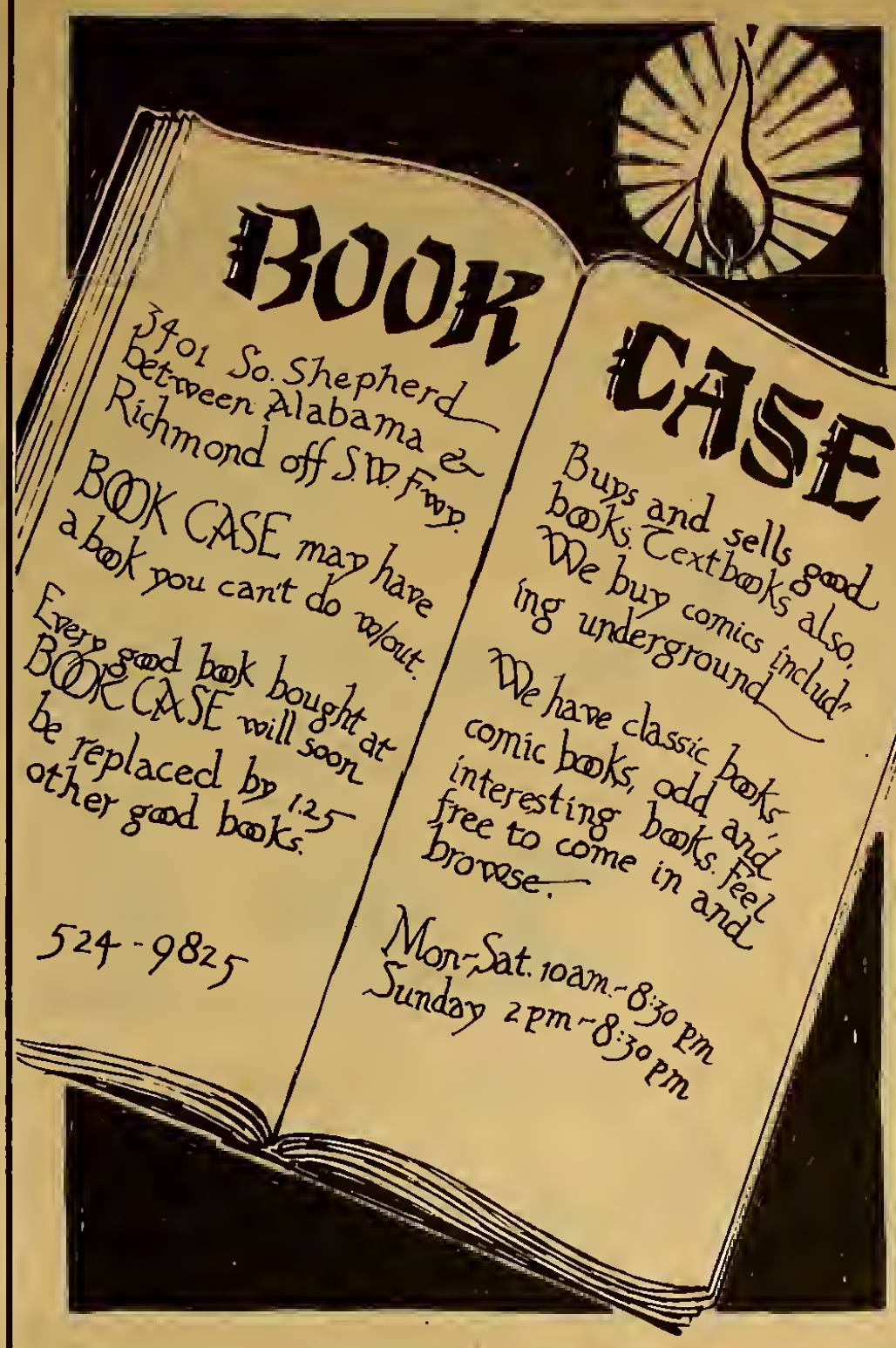
Dance

Sat/12th	ALLENS LANDING/premiere/Houston Ballet/Miller Outdoor Theater, Hermann Park/8:30pm/227-5111
Sun/13th	HOUSTON JAZZ BALLET/interfaith service/Miller Outdoor Theater, Hermann Park/12:30pm/227-5111
Wed/16th--Thurs/17th	SOVIET GEORGIAN DANCERS AND TBILISI POLYPHONIC CHOIR/presented by Society for the Performing Arts/Jones Hall/ 8:30pm/227-1111
Fri/18th	RAJKO HUNGARIAN GYPSY ORCHESTRA AND DANCERS/ presented by SPA/Jones Hall/8:30pm/227-1111
Thurs/24th--Sat/26th	HOUSTON BALLET/begins season with members of NYC Ballet/ Thurs 7:30pm, Fri and Sat 8:30pm/Jones Hall/225-0257
Thurs/31st	HOUSTON BALLET/Coppelia/Jones Hall/7:30pm/225-0257

Film

Wed/2nd	THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and NOSFERATU/Rice Media Center/8pm/FREE/528-4141
Fri/4th	GODSPELL/U. of St. Thomas, Jones Hall/8pm/522-7911/$1
	ELVIRA MADIGAN/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/ 75¢/749-1435

cont..on 18



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Events *(cont. from 17)*

SELF-OBSERVING SYSTEMS: THE VIDEO REVOLUTION IN AMERICA/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Sat/5th — SAMBIZANGA/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Sun/6th — KASHIMA PARADISE/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Tues/8th — 20TH CENTURY/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/50¢

Wed/9th — THE LAST LAUGH/Rice Media Center/8pm/FREE/528-4141

WILD SCANDINAVIA/Music Hall/8pm/$2, under 16 free/524-0607

Fri/11th — THE GANG'S ALL HERE/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/75¢/749-1435

Tues/15th — CITY LIGHTS/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/50¢/749-1435

Wed/16th — VARIETY/Rice Media Center/8pm/FREE/528-4141

Fri/18th — BED & BOARD/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/75¢/749-1435

EL TOPO/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

THE GODFATHER/U. of St. Thomas Jones Hall/8pm/$1/522-7911

AMERICA'S SECRET PLACES/Museum of Natural Sciences, Hermann Park/6 & 8:30 pm/$1 for nonmembers/526-4273

Sat/19th — ALUTA CONTINUA/ and OS FUSILS/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141.

Sun/20th — BLACK GIRL/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Tues/22nd — A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/75¢/749-1435

WINGS/Brown Aud., Museum of Fine Arts/8pm/members $1, nonmembers $1.25/526-1361, ext. 22

Wed/23rd — METROPOLIS/Rice Media Center/8pm/FREE/528-4141

LOST HORIZON/Brown Aud, Museum of Fine Arts/8pm/members $1, nonmembers $1.25/526-1361, ext. 22

Fri/25th — HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/75¢/749-1435

FIRST TIME and MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Sun/27th — TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER/Rice Media Center/8pm/$1.50/528-4141

Tues/29th — COVER GIRL/Agnes Arnold Aud., UofH/7:30 & 9:30 pm/50¢/749-1435

CHINA IS NEAR/Brown Aud, Museum of Fine Arts/8pm/members $1, nonmembers $1.25/526-1361, ext 22

Wed/30th — OCTOBER and OLD AND NEW/Rice Media Center/8pm/free/528-4141

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION/Brown Aud., Museum of Fine Arts/8pm/members $1, nonmembers $1.25/526-1361

Theater

Wed/2nd — THE SOUND OF FROST/Houston Baptist College, Denham Hall/8pm/free, but reservations required/774-7661

Thurs/3rd — THE CAGE/performed by the inmates of San Quentin Prison/UofH Houston Room/8pm/free

Thurs/3rd--Sun/6th — STEAMBATH/Reunion Theater/Thurs thru Sat at 8pm, Sun at 5pm/Adults, $4; students, $3.

Fri/4th--Sat/5th — MOUSE TRAP/Theater Suburbia, 1410 W. 43rd/8:30pm/Adults, $3; students, $2/682-3525

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS/Clear Creek Country Theater, League City/8:15pm/$3.50/332-2931

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU/Channing Players, First Unitarian Church, 5210 Fannin/8:30pm/$2/926-9202

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS/Pasadena Little Theater, 3339 Tulip/8:30pm/Adults, $3; students, $2/946-9976

Wed/9th--Fri/11th — THE 19TH GREAT AMERICAN LAUGH/Agnes Arnold Hall, UofH/7:30pm/free/749-1596

Wed/9th--Sat/12th — THE BOYFRIEND/Univ. of St. Thomas, Jones Theater/8:30pm/Adults, $2; students, $1/522-7911, ext. 305

Fri/11th--Sat/12th — EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS/see above (Fri/4th)

Wed/16th--Sat/19th — THE BOYFRIEND/Univ. of St. Thomas/see above (Wed/9th)

Wed/16th--Sun/20th — CAMELOT/Music Hall/Wed thru Fri at 8pm, Sat at 2 & 8 pm, Sun at 2pm/$1 to $8/522-0705

Thurs/17th--Thurs/31st — WILSON/Alley Theater/228-8421, call for times & prices

Fri/18th--Sun/20th — KIND LADY/Country Playhouse, Town & Country Village/Fri and Sat at 8:30pm, Sun at 7:30pm/$3/467-4497

Thurs/24th--Sat/26th — FINIAN'S RAINBOW/Kerygma Players, Fair Haven Methodist Church, 1330 Gessner/8pm/Adults, $1.75; students $1.25/468-3276

Thurs/24th--Thurs/31st — STY OF THE BLIND PIG/Reunion Theater, 502 Louisiana/Thurs thru Sat at 8pm, Sun at 5 pm/Adults, $4; students, $3/237-0706

Fri/25th--Sat/26th — DARK OF THE MOON/Hamster Theater, Oaks Presbyterian Church, 1517 Chantilly Lane/8:30pm/Adults, $2; students, $1.50/686-5982

Fri/25th--Sun/27th — SEESAW/Music Hall/Fri and Sat at 8pm, Sun at 2:30 & 8 pm/222-3487, call for prices

KIND LADY/Country Playhouse/see above (Fri/18th)

All month — LUV/starring Sheila McCrae/Windmill Dinner Theater, Town & Country Village/464-7655

WINNIE THE POOH/Pasadena Little Theater/every Sat and Sun at 2pm/$1.25, discounts for groups of 10 or more/946-9976

Galleries

Tues/1st--Tues/15th — LITHOGRAPHS BY AFRICAN ARTIST JESSIE ALLEN/Marjorie Kaufmann Graphics, Galleria/622-6001

Tues/1st--Fri/18th — JURIED ART EXHIBIT DIMENSION HOUSTON IX/Art League of Houston/1953 Montrose/523-9530

Tues/1st--Thurs/24th — SULLY'S ROBINSON CRUSOE/Museum of Fine Arts, Library Gallery/1001 Bissonnet/526-1361

BE A CURATOR/Museum of Fine Arts, Masterson Junior Gallery/1001 Bissonnet/526-1361

Wed/2nd--Wed/30th — THE SEX SHOW: X-RATED INVITATIONAL/Small Store Gallery, 2034 W. Alabama/523-7237

Thurs/3rd--Thurs/31st — PETER REGINATO SCULPTURES/Tibor de Nagy Gallery/1106 Berthea/522-8338

Sun/6th--Thurs/31st — PAINTINGS BY SOPHIA VARI/chosen by French govt. as outstanding artist of the year/Jasper Galleries/5200 Montrose/523-4416

Mon/7th--Mon/28th — SCULPTURES BY DAVID RABINOVITCH/Texas Gallery/2439 Bissonnet/524-1593

Thurs/10th--Tues/22nd — WATERCOLORS BY WILDLIFE ARTIST KEN CARLSEN/Meredith Long Galleries/2323 San Felipe/523-6671

Thurs/10th--Thurs/31st — PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY RUSTY ARENA/Center Gallery, 508 Louisiana/237-0614

Wed/16th--Thurs/31st — FRIEDEL DZUBAS: A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION/Museum of Fine Arts, Upper Brown Pavilion/1001 Bissonnet/526-1361

Fri/18th--Thurs/31st — PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY TRUDY SWEEN/Ars Longa Gallery/3133 Buffalo Spdwy/622-1361

Sun/20th--Thurs/31st — GRAPHIC WORKS OF WINSLOW HOMER/Marjorie Kaufmann Graphics, Galleria/622-6001

Thurs/24th--Thurs/31st — MIXED MEDIA BENEFIT FOR MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS/featuring works by Buck Schiwetz/Meredith Long Galleries/2323 San Felipe/523-6671

PAINTINGS AND TAPESTRIES BY DAVID ADDICKS/DuBose Gallery/2950 Kirby/526-4916

All Month — FRENCH CHILDREN'S ART/French children's drawings of how they view Texas/Contemporary Arts Museum, Lower Gallery/5216 Montrose 526-3129

TRIBAL AFRICAN ART/Black Arts Center/2805 Lyons/free, by appointment/228-1622

ROTHKO CHAPEL/paintings by Mark Rothko/1400 Sul Ross

TAROT CARD LITHOGRAPHS/Circle Gallery/3503 Montrose/529-8717

SURVEY OF TEXAS ARTISTS/Contemporary Arts Museum, Upper Gallery/5216 Montrose/526-3129

JUDAICA/religious art from collection of Rabbi Toubin of New York/Museum of Fine Arts, Andrews Gallery/1001 Bissonnet/526-1361

IMPRESSIONIST AND POST-IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS/from the Beck Collection/Museum of Fine Arts, Lower Brown Gallery/1001 Bissonnet/526-1361

GRAPHIC WORKS BY ARTISTS OF THE TAMARIND INSTITUTE/Robinson Galleries/1100 Bissonnet/528-6286

INTERNATIONAL ART POSTERS FROM 1890's, WWI, AND ART DECO/Speedby's Old Prints/5017 Montrose/521-9652

Odd Lots

Tues/1st--Sun/13th — SHRINE CIRCUS/Coliseum/call 222-3267 for times

Tues/1st--Wed/16th — JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER CLASSES/Jewish Community Center/5601 Braeswood/729-3200/registration by mail

Tues/1st--Sat/19th — SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL OF GREAT RELIGIOUS CULTURES/Downtown Sakowitz/224-1111

Sat/5th — PUNT, PASS AND KICK CONTEST/Astrodome/free/register on 4th/748-4500

Sun/6th — HARRIS COUNTY HERITAGE SOCIETY ART SHOW/Sam Houston Park, 1100 Bagby/folk art & music/2pm/223-8367

HOUSTON AUDUBON SOCIETY NATURE WALK/1200 Bissonnet/free/3 & 3:15 pm/524-0607

CAROL HUFFSTICKLER ON "KEYS TO PERSONAL FREEDOM"/Phoenix Bookstore, 524 Westheimer/8pm/523-5606

MONTROSE AREA SEMI-ANNUAL BLOCK PARTY/music & fun/Welch at Grant in front of Anderson Fair/noon 'til/528-8576

Mon/7th — WATERMELON WORKS GARDEN SHOW/pottery by Ron Propst, inspired by Richard Brautigan/Storehouse, Inc., 1721 S. Post Oak/7 to 9 pm

Wed/9th — THE WAY I SEE IT/open lecture by Murray Stein/Jung Center/4803 Montrose/8pm/524-8253

LAWRENCE LIEBERMAN, POETRY READING/Pacific Room, UofH/4pm/free/749-1435

Thurs/10th — CENTER GALLERY OPENING NIGHT/for paintings by Rusty Arena/Center Gallery/508 Louisiana/237-0614

Thurs/10th--Sat/12th — GREEK FESTIVAL/Greek Orthodox Cathedral, 3500 Yoakum/11am to 4pm and 6pm to midnite/admission charge/526-5377

Fri/11th--Sun/13th — MAIN STREET '74/civic arts/see "Spotlight" above

Sat/12th — JUNG CENTER WORKSHOP/Psychological types and creative body movement/Jung Center, 4803 Montrose/10am to 4:30pm/524-8253

Sun/13th — JOHN RANKIN ON SEX AND ILLUMINATION/Phoenix Bookstore, 524 Westheimer/8pm/523-5606

Mon/14th--Fri/18th — CHINESE CULTURAL FAIR/University Center Ballroom, U of H/10am to 9pm/free/749-1435

Tues/15th — POETRY DAY OBSERVANCE/HL&P Living Center, 2121 W. Loop S./7:30pm/free/621-5200

Wed/16th--Sat/19th — ASTRODOME MARCHING BAND COMPETITION/Astrodome/8am to 5pm/748-4500, ext. 117

Thurs/17th — WOMEN'S RIGHTS/Flo Kennedy, Black lawyers speak/U of H/call 749-1435 for details

Sat/19th--Sun/20th — WESTHEIMER ART FESTIVAL/100 to 1000 blocks of Westheimer st./9am to 9pm/free/524-7433

Mon/21st--Thurs/31st — FANTASTIC FIBERS/Electric Tower Display Gallery, 811 Walker/display by Creative Stitchers of Houston/9am-to 5pm/free/621-5200

Fri/25th — DREAMS OF FREEDOM AND CAPTIVITY/lecture by Murray Stein/Jung Center, 4803 Montrose/1:30pm/524-8253

Sat/26th — AUTUMN STARS AND THE SUN/Burke Baker Planetarium, Hermann Park/10am/call 526-4273 for reservations

BIRD WATCHERS TRIP TO ANAHUAC/Houston Audubon Society/1200 Bissonnet/ early morning/524-0607 for more info

Sun/27th — 9TH ANNUAL FALL SIDEWALK ART SHOW/Old Market Square/noon to dusk/free/236-1572

Sun/27th--Thurs/31st — JUNG CENTER/registration for classes/4803 Montrose/524-8253

Tues/29th — BERNADETTE DEVLIN/UHProgram Council/call 749-1435 for details

Thurs/31st — HALLOWEEN MASQUERADE BALL/Houston Room, UofH UC/8pm/Students $1, public $1.50, not-in-costume $3/749-1435

All Month — DARK OF THE MOON/Burke Baker Planetarium, Hermann Park/call 526-4273 for times

HOUSTON ARBORETUM AND BOTANICAL GARDENS/nature trails & guided tours by appt./Memorial Park, 4501 Woodway/681-8433

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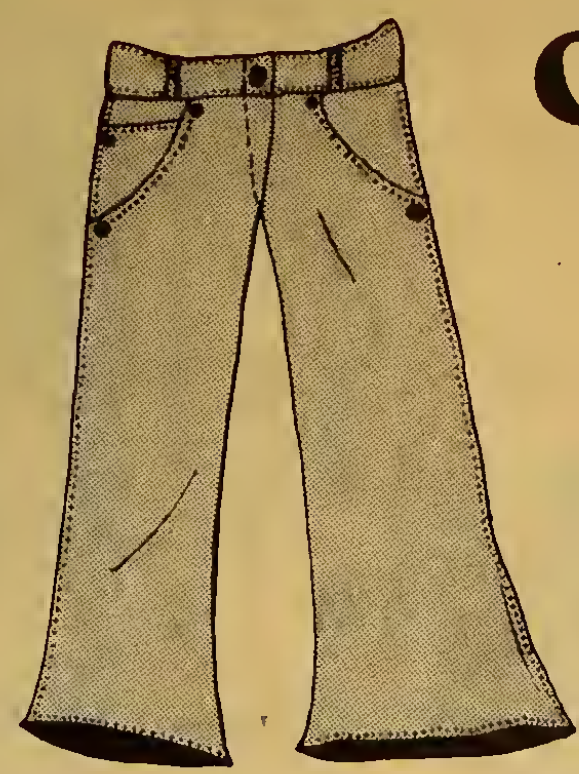

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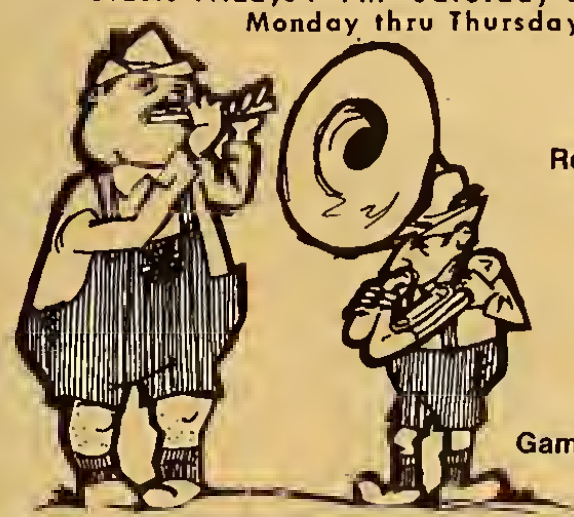

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